

GALLERY



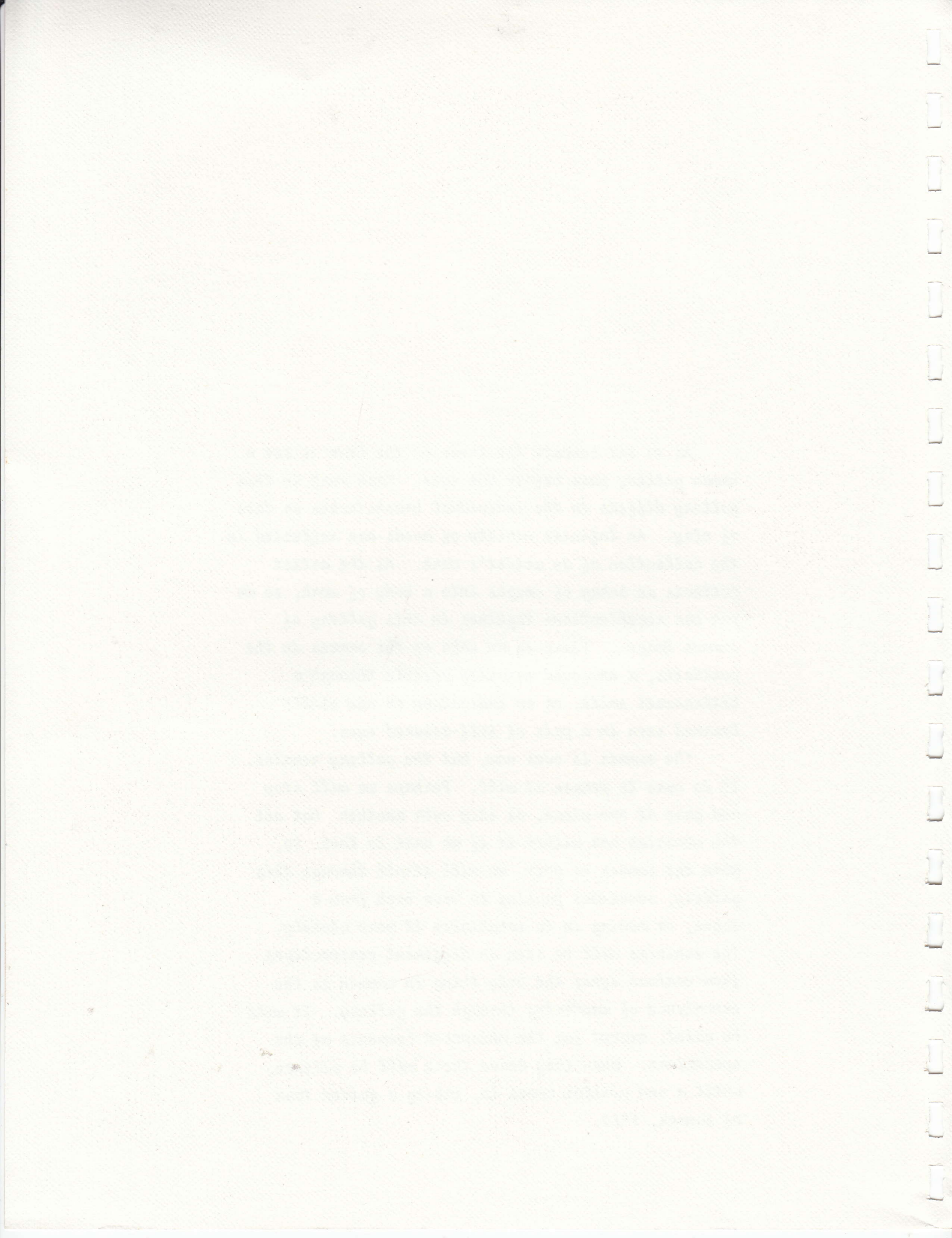
GALLERY

Created and produced
in the Summer of 1980
by the campers of
BUCK'S ROCK
New Milford,
Connecticut, 06776.

ENTRANCE

As we sit beneath the trees on the lawn we see a human gallery pass before our eyes. Each work in this gallery differs in the individual brushstrokes or dabs of clay. An infinite variety of moods are reflected in the collection of an artist's work. As the artist collects an array of images into a body of work, so we put our recollections together in this gallery of summer images. There is an echo of the summer in the portraits, a newfound maturity visible through a bittersweet smile, or an indication on new skills learned seen in a pair of self-assured eyes.

The summer is over now, but the gallery remains. It is ours to peruse at will. Perhaps we will stop and gaze at one piece, or skip over another but all the memories are within it if we care to look. So, when the summer is over, we will stroll through this gallery, sometimes pausing to move back from a scene, or moving in to scrutinize it more closely. The exhibits will be seen in different perspectives from various eyes; the only thing in common is the experience of wandering through the gallery. It will be quiet, except for the whispered comments of the spectators. When they leave there will be silence, until a new visitor comes in, taking a guided tour of summer, 1980.





SHOPS:
AT WORK

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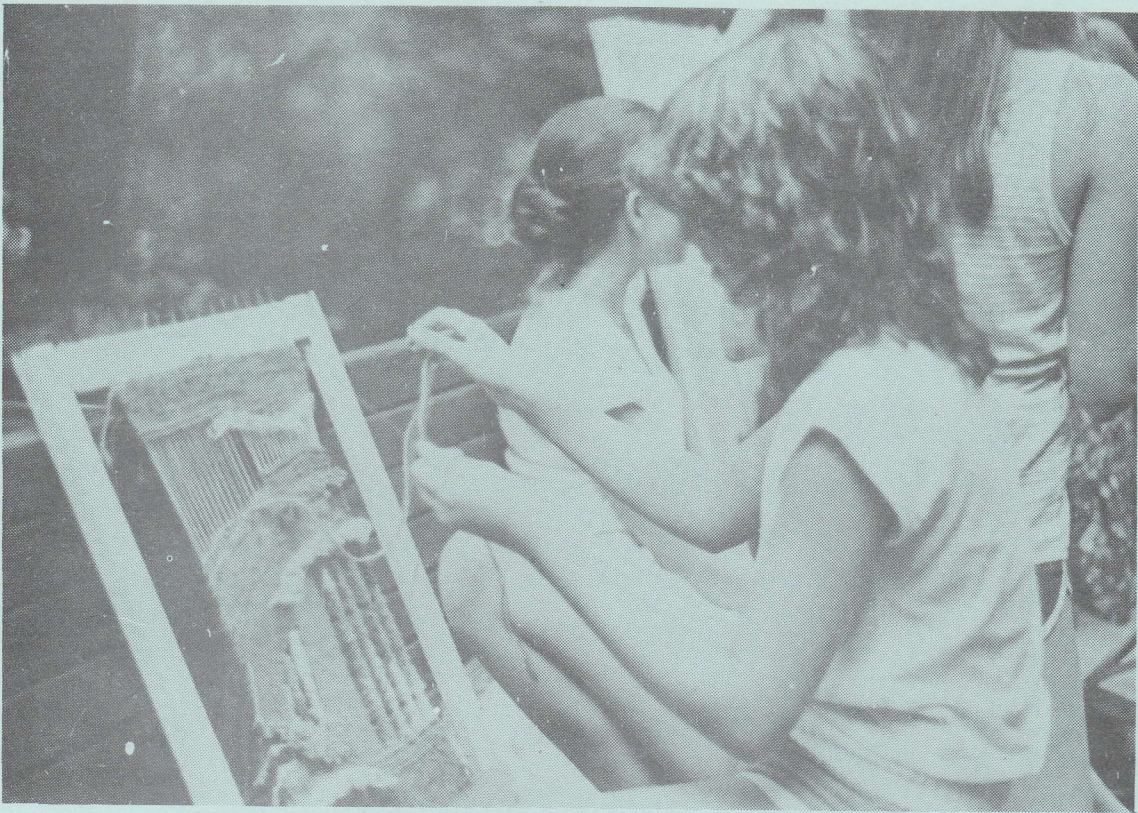
Now that the summer has come to an end, and all that remains are memories, many people treasure recollections of the shops. They know that in years to come, much about Buck's Rock will change: people's attitudes as well as the people themselves. But as campers come and go, and the atmosphere of Buck's Rock is altered, they know that one thing will remain constant: the shops will still be there, ready to be explored by new people as they have been explored so many times before.

The shops concentrated on creative and original work in the arts. Every shop was open daily, as well as some evenings. The staff of each shop welcomed new ideas for projects, and helped campers discover new ways of working in each art.

Shops worked in combination on projects; often something would be started in one shop and then finished off in another. For example, a batik could be made into a pillow in the Sewing Shop. Diverse materials and disciplines could be joined in a single project.

So many different elements make up the complete picture of shop activity that it is difficult to express the enjoyment, which was often very simple and direct. In this gallery of recollections, the campers and CITs of 1980 try to share their experiences in the individual shops, hoping that the collected reminiscences will make an almost complete portrait. Although the summer could never be re-lived exactly, they hope this gallery will keep it alive in memory.

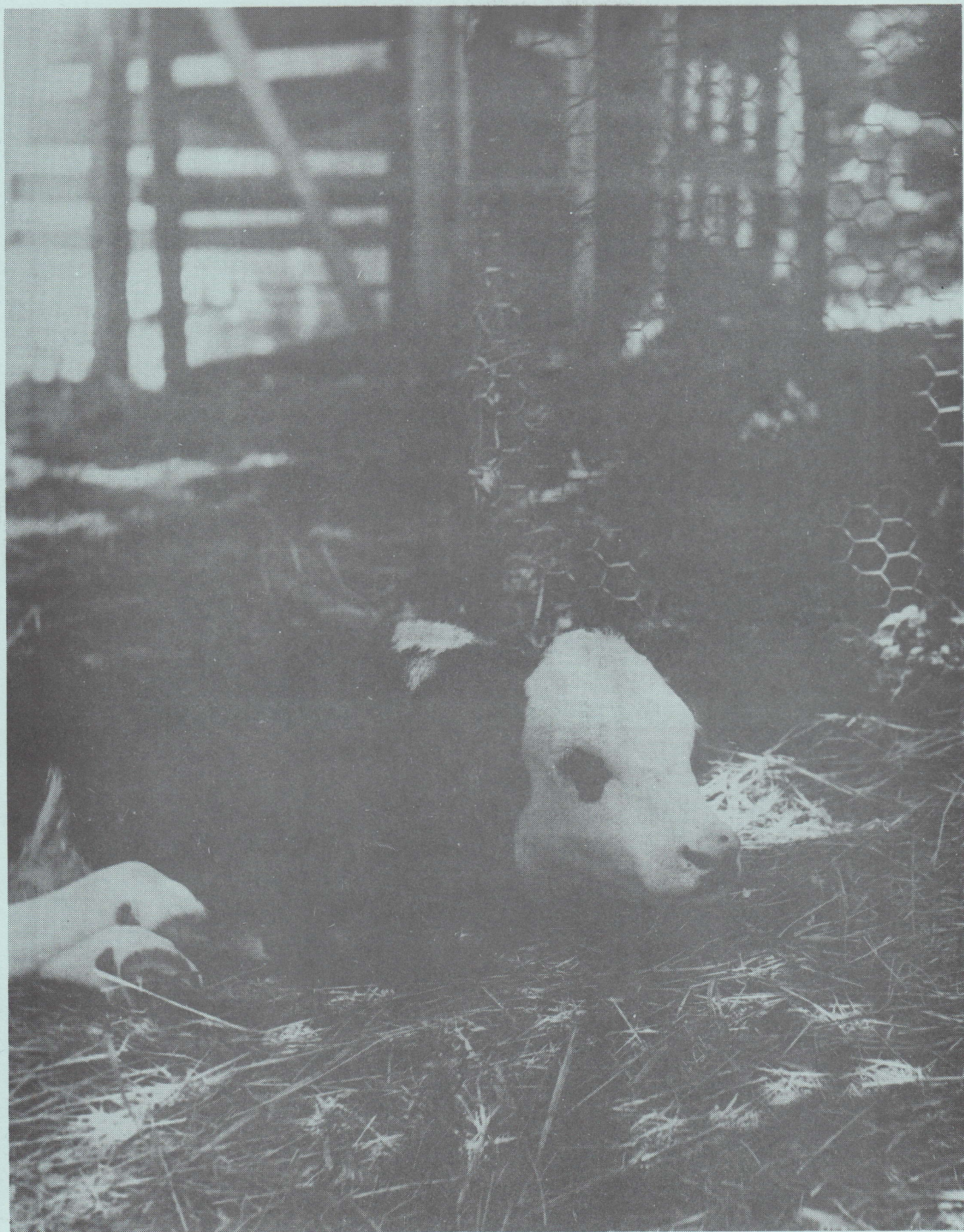


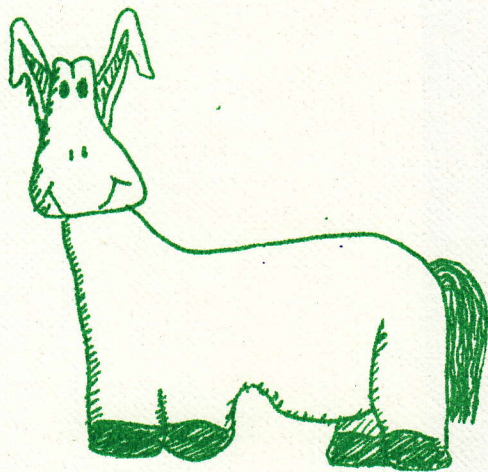












ANIMAL FARM

Hello. My name is Stephanie and I spend all my time at the Animal Farm at Buck's Rock. I'm basically in the middle of all the action, and boy, is there action around here--especially around feeding times. Right now I have two baby goats, Barnum and Billy, on one side of me and four goats plus a one-eared ewe on the other side. There are two other goats in another pen with horns. They scare me a lot when their adopters take them for walks and they pass me by.

People never get tired, it seems. They build pens and strengthen fences and keep things clean. They even built us a slide for the duck pond.

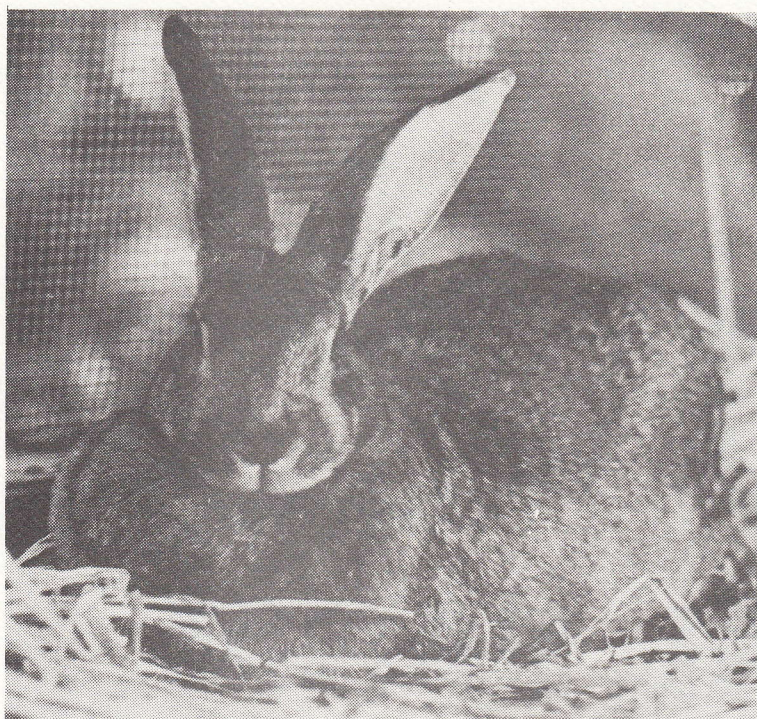
The main attraction up here is our cows. Beside three heifers there are two pregnant cows, Cascade (who gave birth to a bull calf named Starlight in July) and Dusty. A new addition to the farm in August was a Holstein named Sybil.

The six ducks I live with are hatching their eggs. The ducks' names are Helen, Sandy, Ceres, Virginia, and the Blues Brothers (John and Dan). The ducklings are cute.

The only problem with the farm is the flies. Since I am an African Goose, they don't bother me, though. I just eat them.

Of course, the main people keeping the farm going are the councilors, Liz Bowles and Steve Whittaker. They maintain a relaxed atmosphere while still getting things done.

Karyn Seroussi



ARCHERY



Every morning campers and counselors alike come to a field before the soccer pitch. This field is characterized by three large tripods upon which stand archery targets.

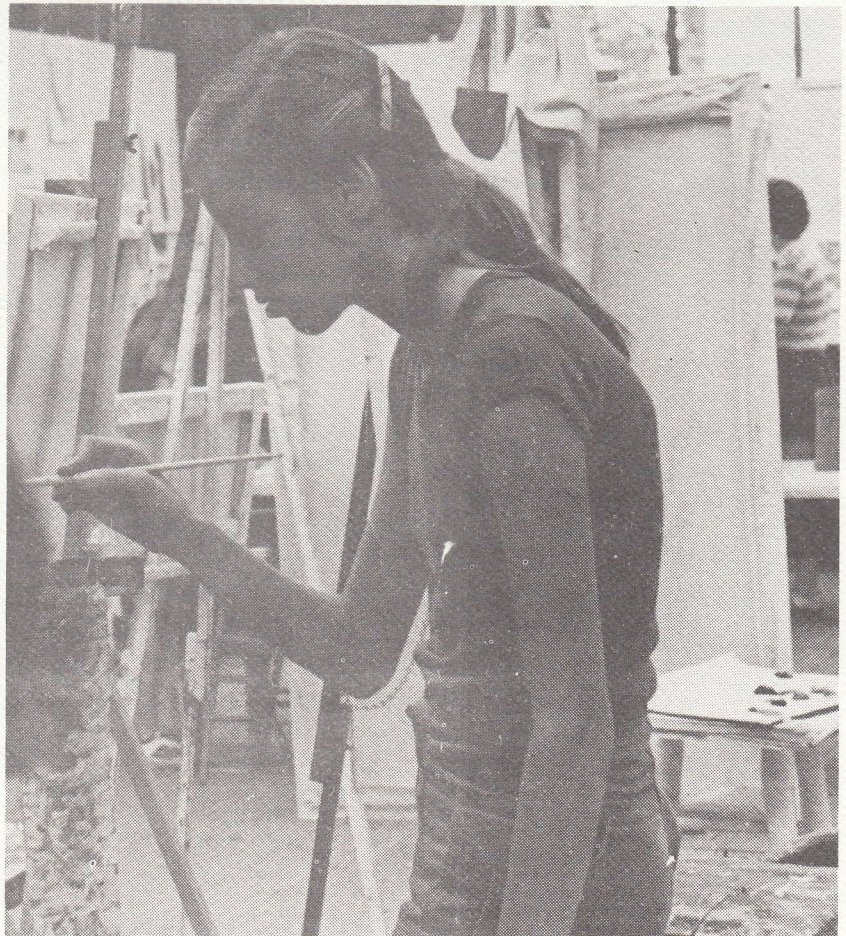
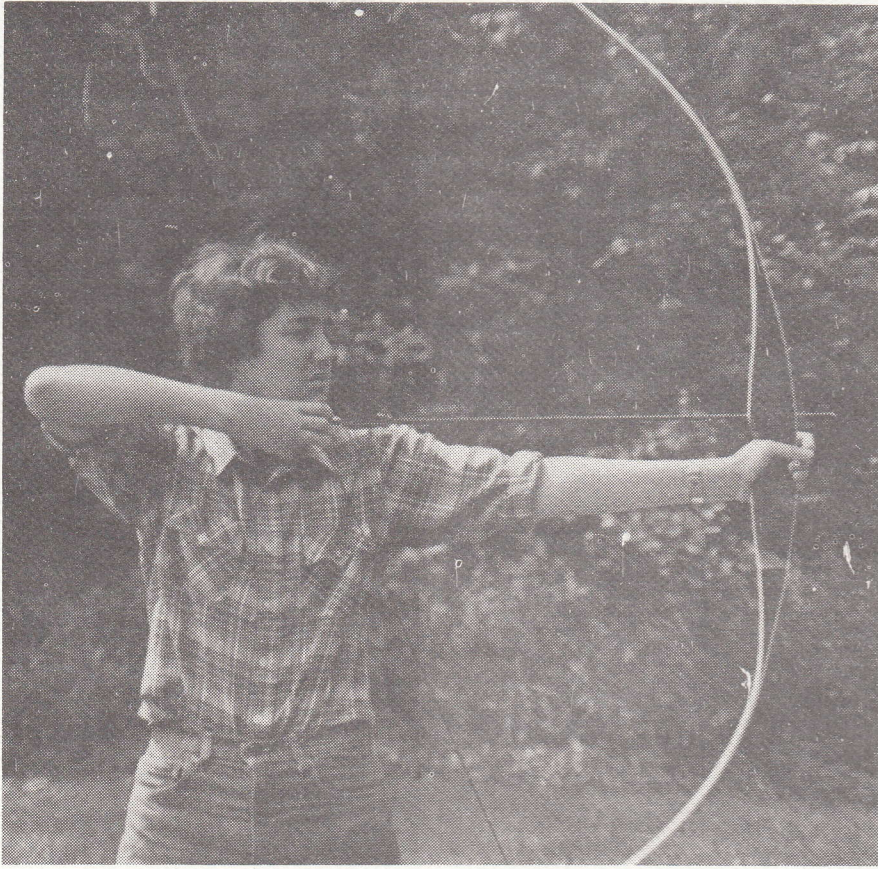
With regimental precision, the able archers stand before the imposing target. Bow upright, arrow poised, and adrenalin pumping, the tension is released. All hit their mark.

The shrill sound of the whistle pierces the air, signalling all to retrieve their arrows. The archers regroup as the whistle sounds again. Another round has begun.

The advantages of archery are varied and many. Physically, one develops grace, agility, and skill. One's mental strengths are also enhanced by developing a greater sense of concentration, relaxation, pride, and awareness.

Nature and firendships abound as the archers take a break to relax in the sun or under the trees -- getting to know one another and the creations of the earth.

Robert Powers
Nancy Lund
Melanie Klein





The first time I walked into the Art Shop, there were paintings all over the place. Everything was really dirty. I saw one beautiful painting of a forest. I started to walk out, thinking, "This shop is too advanced for me."

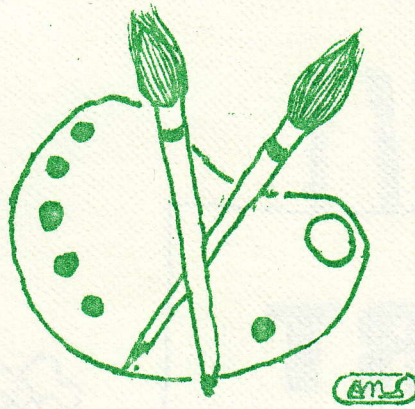
As I was leaving, a man with a dark beard said, "Can I be of assistance?" I asked him if I could just sit around and draw. Soon I was drawing a picture of a lightning storm. The man with the beard asked me if I wanted to try painting. I said, "Sure." That was stupid, I thought, because I knew I'd be embarrassed about how badly I'd paint. I sat down and tried to make a really nice picture.

When I began drawing again, another man yelled, "Get back and paint!" The man sat down and stared at me. Was I ever nervous. Finally, he said, "I know your brother."

"You do? Oh, that's great!" Then I finished my drawing.

"That's nice, that's real nice," said the man. Boy, did I feel relieved. He told me his name was Jim, and the man with the beard was John. From that day on, I began to meet so many nice people.

Wendy Soman



How to Survive in the Artshop!

1. As a rule C.I.T.'s are always wrong - never listen.
2. Start but never finish a project.
3. Always use oil brushes with acrylic paint. Remember acrylic brushes are reserved for water proof ink.
4. Ask for a 26" x 26" stretcher.
5. Store etching plates in precariously high places where unwary C.I.T.'s can knock them over.
6. Shop hours are Tuesday and Thursday nights 8:00 to 10:00 and Sunday 7:00 to 10:00 p.m.
7. Change the pressure on the etching press before and after each printing.
8. Wet, paint-encrusted paper towels look good on a clean white sink, whenever possible leave them there.
9. Never wear shoes in the shop.
10. It makes for an exciting day when matches or cigarettes are lighted over the acid trays and alcohol bottles.
11. Never gesso the sides of a canvas.



12. Always squeeze out enough paint for at least ten canvases and leave your palette face down on the floor for proper drying.

13. Always squeeze BUBBA with greasy fingers.

14. "Anyone need any help?" is the cry of a strange, wild bird - pay absolutely no attention.

15. Basic shapes are unnecessary tools in drawing.

*16. Never ever ever forget that Art shop C.I.T.'s are slaves and should be treated as such. Don't deprive them of the work they love.

17. Leave uncleaned brushes at the sink or glued to your palette.

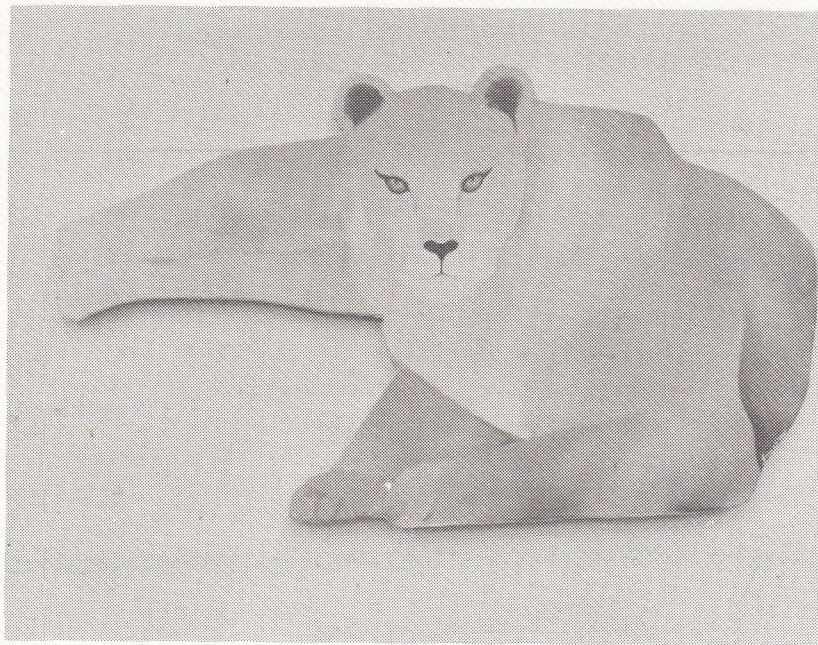
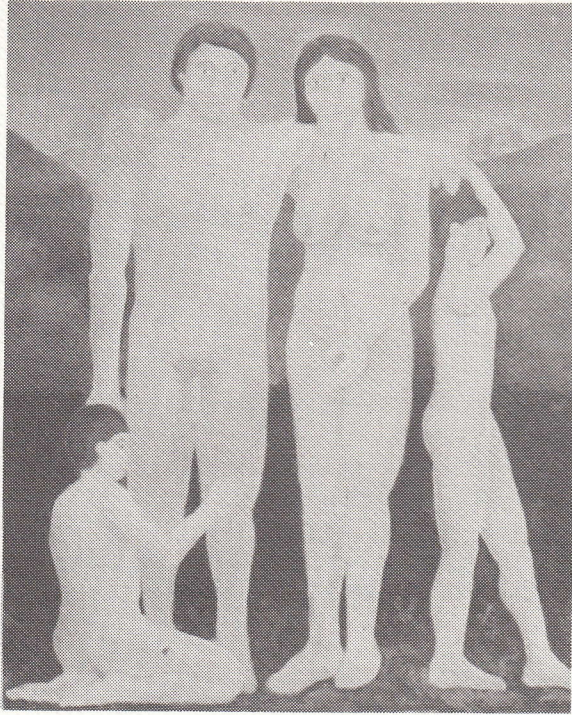
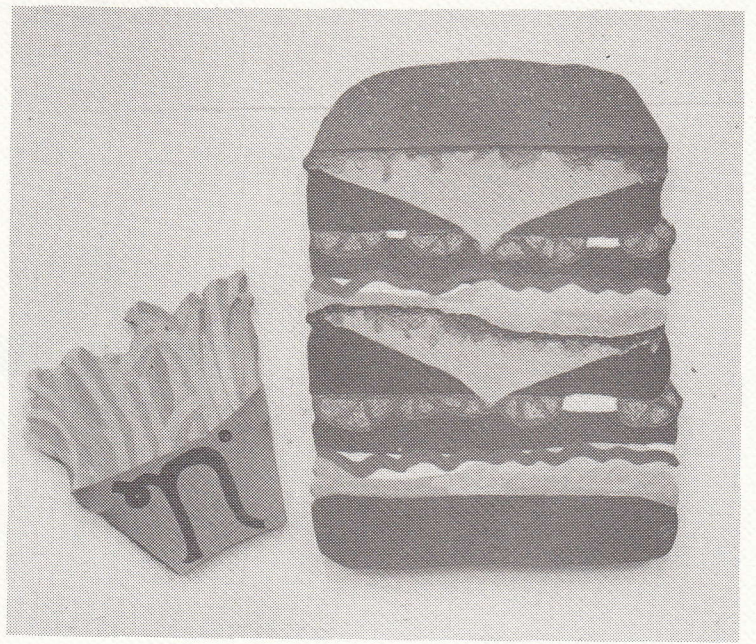
18. Always call the staff by their preferred nicknames: Jimmy (or Jimbo), Frizzo, Mrs. Shulman, Bucco, Lebostrom, Fishperson, Doody, Maaasha.

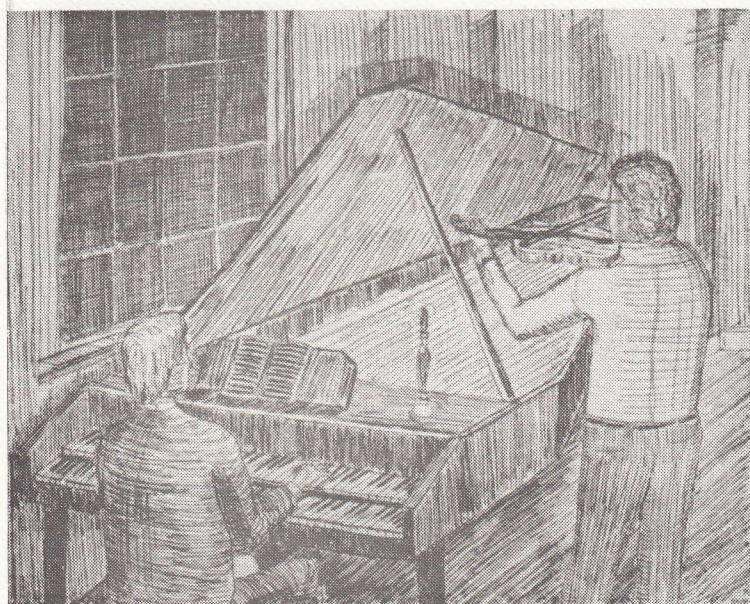
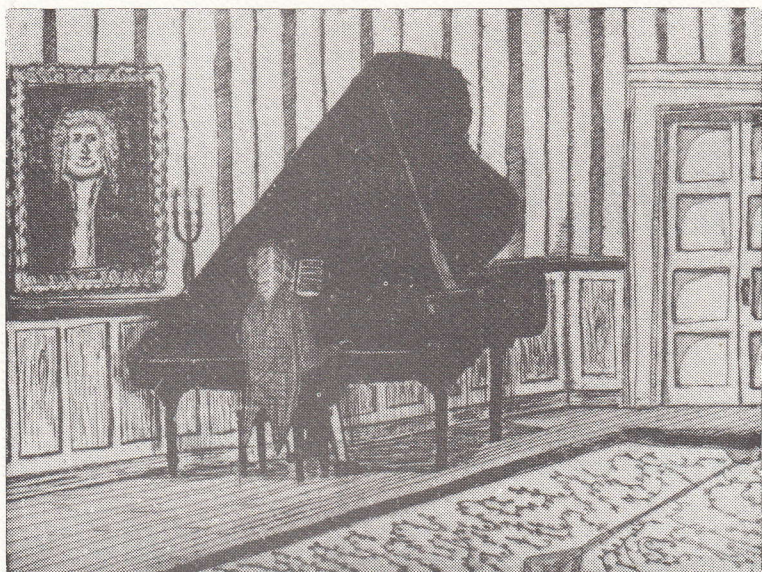
19. Our shop is your shop, never bother to ask if you need to borrow something. Just help yourself.

20. Follow these rules and you'll be all but successful in the art shop.

*- Direct quote from N.S.S.I.T. (National Society of Slaves in Training)







CERAMICS

When I was three I used to make mud pies. I thought those days were over until I came to the ceramics shop at Buck's Rock.

The ceramics shop is a place where one could be either very creative or just have fun, and usually experience both.

I walked into the shop without realizing how much there was to learn. At first I thought everyone would know what they were doing. I felt intimidated. But when I looked around and saw the lopsided "masterpieces" I felt more at home and went straight to work.

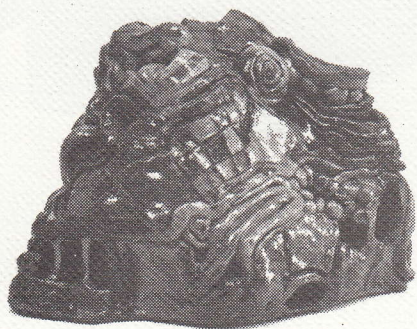
The people there were nice. They joked around and made the atmosphere very enjoyable. A few of them were making fabulous, original pieces. I took my clay from the bin and began to wedge it to get all the air bubbles out of it. Sue came over to see if I needed help. I put the clay on the wheel and started to center. It's not as easy as it looks, I was thinking to myself. It is important to center the piece; otherwise it becomes lopsided and you lose control over its form. When I was done Lesley came over and made some concrete criticisms, telling me how to make the next pot better.

The people there encouraged me to come back and do more pots, either by hand or on the wheel. The following day I returned to try handbuilding. I was outside on a bench, essentially on my own, though if I had heeded help someone knowledgeable was always on hand.

If you're a person who doesn't like clay, don't fret: the ceramics shop also has porcelain. (I haven't tried it yet but it looks like fun!)

I should point out that ceramics is only for the adventurous people who do not mind getting their fingernails dirty.

Stephanie Shultz





CLOWNING AROUND

In many people's minds there is a stereotyped image of the clown. In their minds he must have a white face, a red nose, juggle, and make people laugh.

Some of this is true, but not for everybody. Mike Inserra, who runs the clown workshop, tries to let each person "find his or her own clown, and that clown's ways."

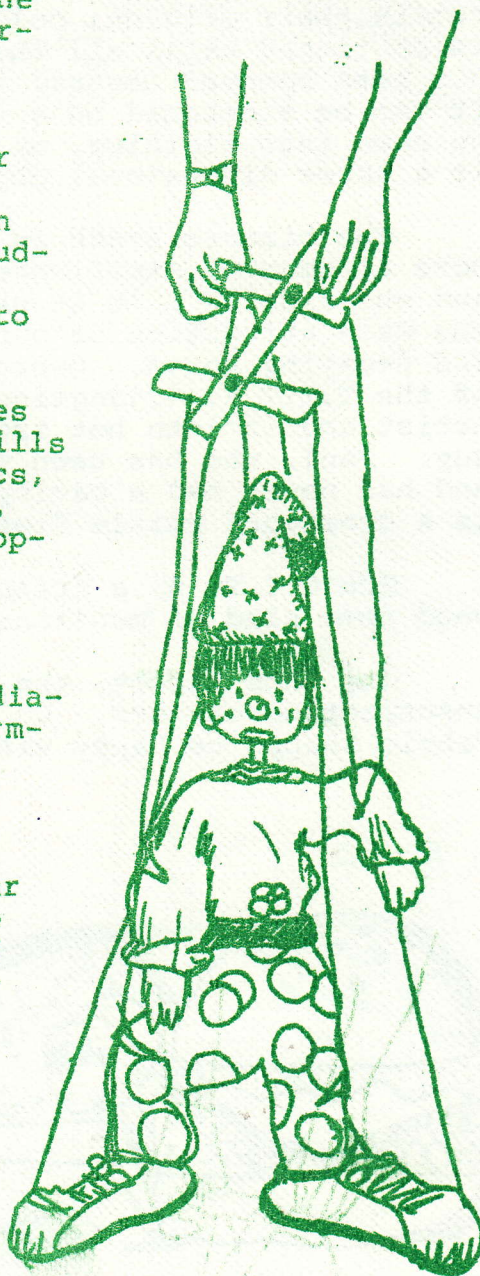
We of the clown workshop did our own clown show this summer, in the Music Shed. We also did some work in "Rock'n Chairs" and some acts in "Vaudeville Night." All these shows were a lot of fun to perform, as well as to watch.

Clowning is an art which requires much learning. There are special skills to learn, such as juggling, acrobatics, mime, and improvisational techniques. We worked a lot this summer on developing clown characters and relating to other clown characters.

Most of the work accomplished this summer was inspired by the Comedia-del-Arte tradition, which is a performing style that evolved in Eighteenth Century Europe.

Clowning has been a lot of fun this summer. Those who are unfamiliar with clowning aren't aware of all the time and effort put into this form of art. We, the clowns, care and appreciate this fine art of clowning.

One of the clowns, Nina Lesser





FABRIC

DESIGN

If you like shooting various objects at counselors, Carly Simon, the B-52's, Ian Dury and the Blockheads, strangely colored hands, interesting conversation, and working on batiks, the Fabric Design shop is for you.

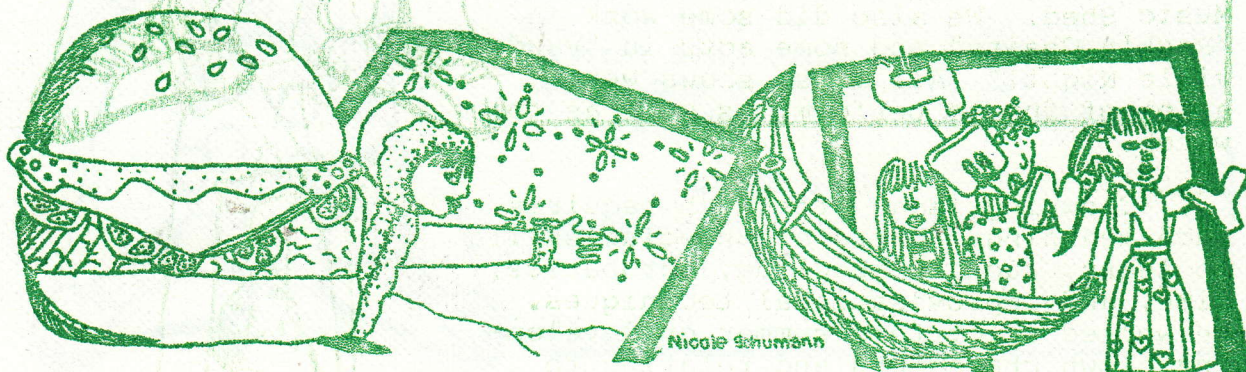
Batik is an art form in which wax and dyes are used to create a design on fabric. By waxing certain areas of the design, and the dyeing the material, you will find that the waxed areas retain their original color. This process of waxing and dyeing is continued until all the colors are applied. After the wax has been removed several things may be done with your piece. It can be stretched on a frame to become a wall hanging, it can be sewn into clothing, or into a soft-sculpture. Soft-sculpture is a three dimensional object sewn from fabric and then stuffed.

The bizarre staff in the Fabric Design Shoppe make working here an unusual experience. Ray, whose glasses are very round, and who finally made it on to WBBC's "Meet the Counselor," is the main attraction of our shop. He specializes in mixed media and decaying bones. George, a new counselor, and former member of the T.T.T.A. (Tjangting Tool Troopers of America), is an artist and is into hot irons and rubber gloves. He is a funky guy. Paul, who has been dipping his tools in wax for six years and has never had a cavity, is presently attending Harvard. He is a crossword puzzle fiend and a good sport.

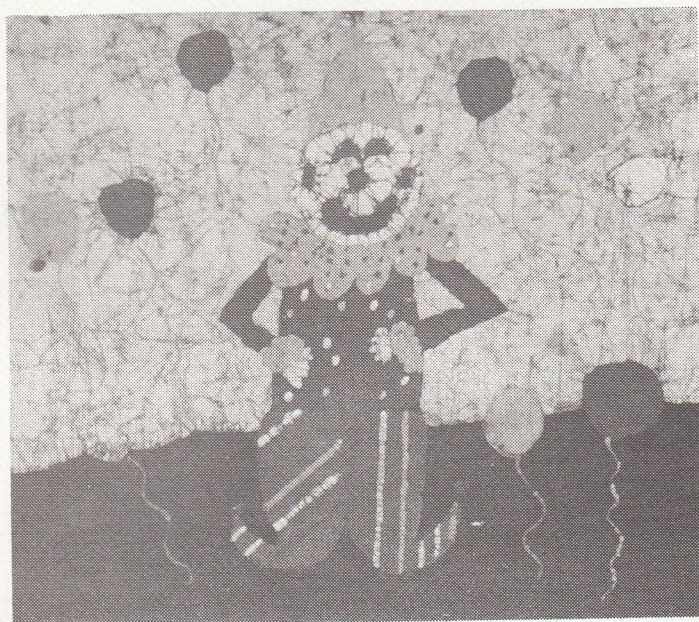
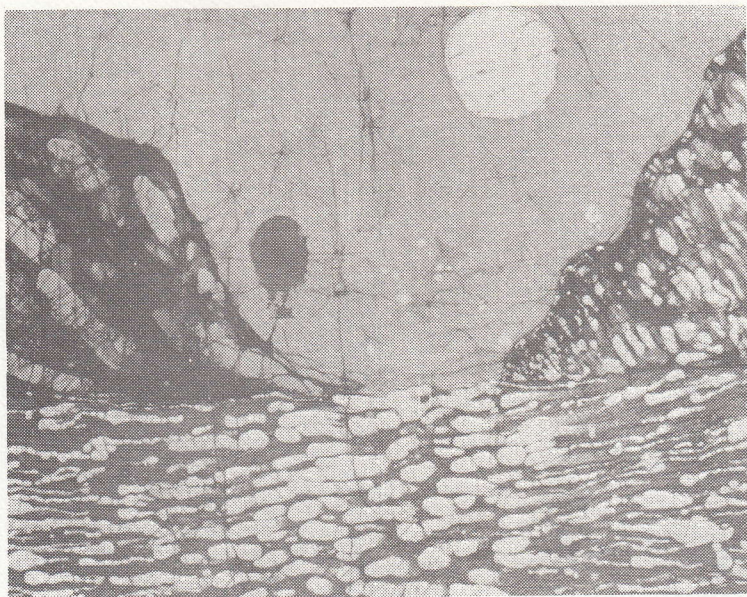
The C.I.T.'s, a friendly bunch of confused teenage girls, need some kind of mention: We do a super job. We dye well.

Our shop mascot, the Rock Lobster, spends his day pinching unsuspecting campers. Confucious say; "Person who check out Fabric Shoppe be happy with results."

Kathy Brown
Janice Brand
Maura Jurgrau







FENCING

Swift, silent, movement, advance, attack, retreat: Fencing is an interesting sport. The interesting aspect of fencing is that it is a "thinking" sport. Like chess, in fencing you must think before you attack.

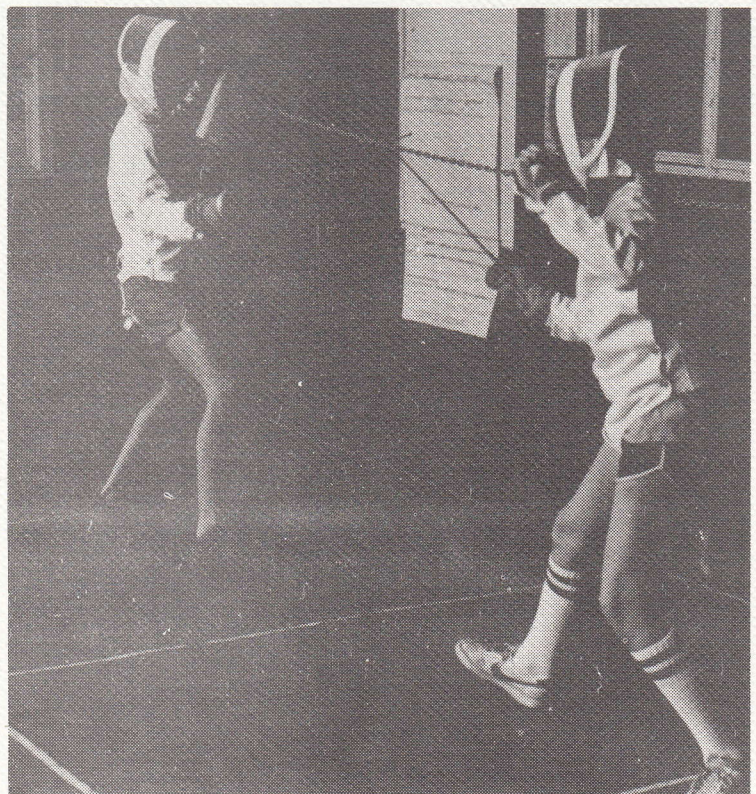
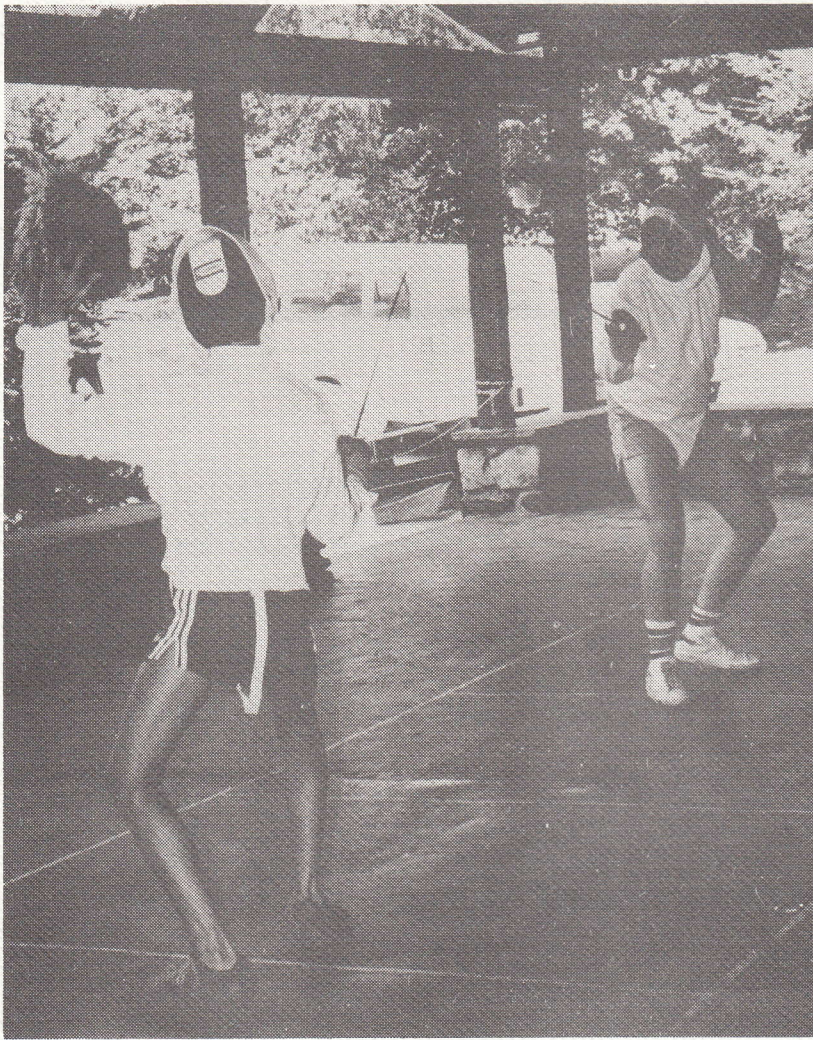
Nigel Sherwin and Robin Dorfman are the fencing instructors. They help you to "bout." Bout is the fencing match (first fencer to get five touches). They also show you some theatre fencing.

Theatre fencing is when you stage a bout, and you know what your opponent will do. In theatre fencing you try and make large motions, so you are readily seen. In normal bouting, however, you try to make small motions in order to save your strength.

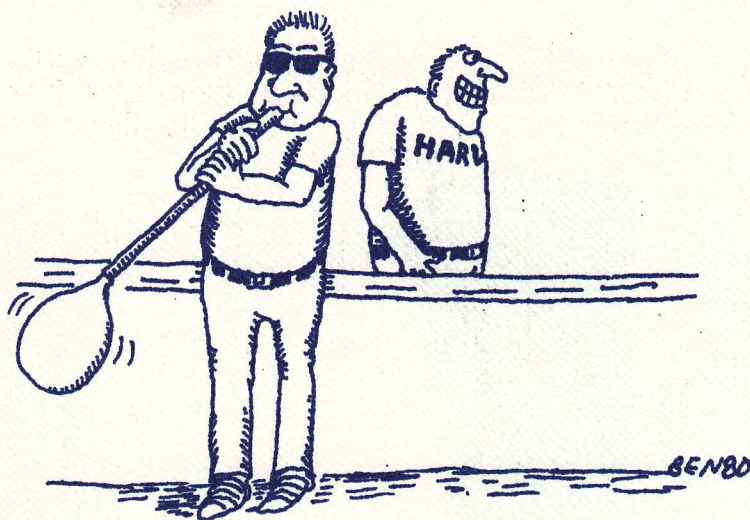
This summer we fenced for "Renaissance Night." We choreographed the moves, as if it were a dance. Renaissance costumes helped to enhance the effect.

Bouting was also a big part of the summer. Nigel and Robin judged bouts between campers. Fencing this summer was both physically and intellectually stimulating, because Nigel and Robin kept us bouting both hard and fast.

Jeff Weber



GLASS SHOP



"Jack your piece in." "Marver it." "Keep it turning."
"Damn! My piece fell in the furnace." "Sculpture time."

These are the sounds of the 1980 Glass Shop. This shop has come a long way since its creation in 1974. Starting at the end of 1979, with the building of a glory hole (an additional furnace with no glass), more campers than ever can learn how to blow glass. There is an infinite variety of things that you can create with glass. The possibilities range from conventional vessels to bizarre sculpture. With this span of alternatives we have discovered that few pieces are ever lost (as discovered by Arthur) but just re-created in a different art form.

Just about anyone can blow glass (just look at the CIT's). This summer the CIT's have explored a variety of shapes and forms, and have realized there is no limit to what one can create. In this shop only you have control over the final piece. The success depends solely on the individual. Only he can have the experience of making, creating, and producing his own piece. Those who have blown know this feeling is unexplainable.

Working with, and helping campers, has been a great experience for everyone in the shop. We have really enjoyed working with all of you who have blown, and who have shared in the 1980 Glass Shop experience.

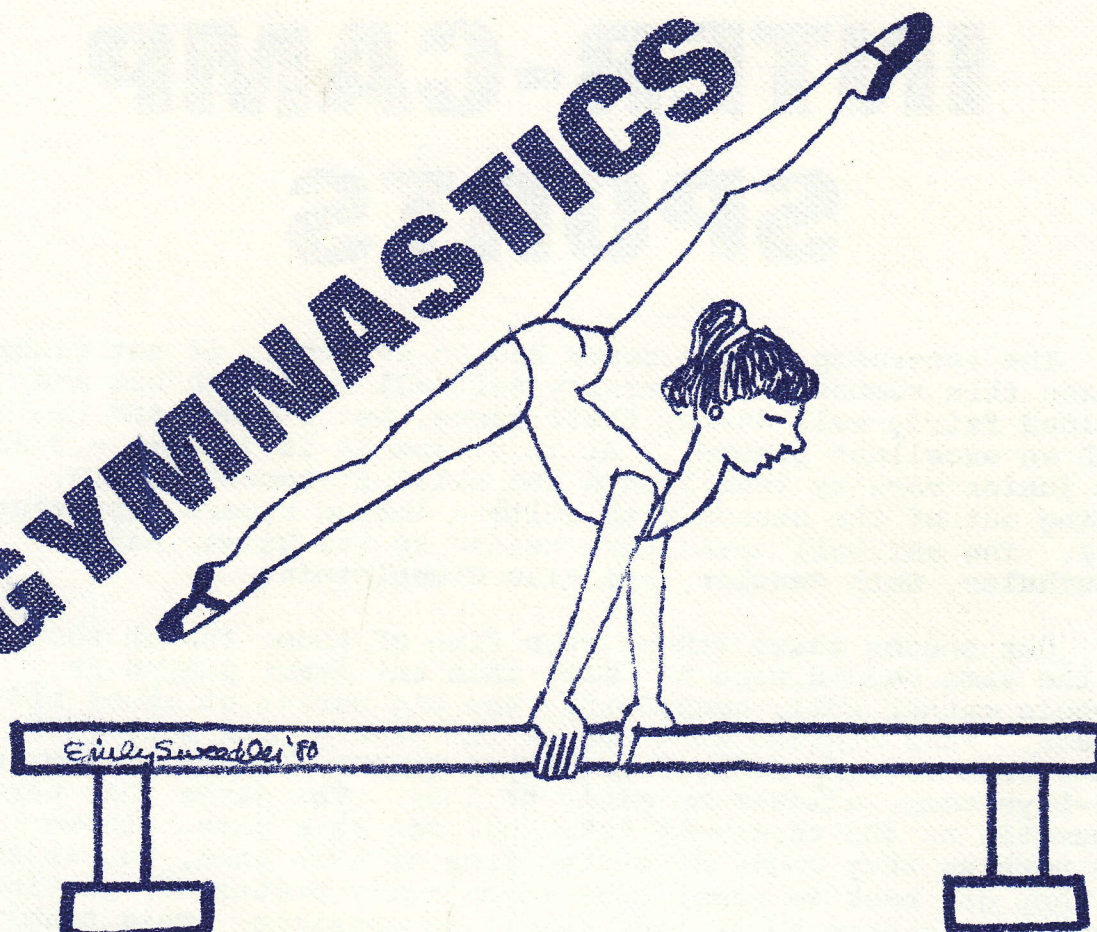
We would like to thank Buck's Rock for giving us the opportunity to share in an experience that will influence us for the rest of our lives.

In a world of four billion people only a few can call themselves "glass blowers."

Ivan Halpern
Arthur Hurwitz



GYMNASTICS



Though a bit timid at first, the gymnast executes a daring mount onto the balance beam. She glides on this four inch wide tightrope, feeling less intimidated as she gains her confidence. She now performs her moves with the grace and agility required of a gymnast working on a beam. Only when she is finished and once again on solid ground will she completely relax.

The mats create a different kind of challenge. The most difficult thing to master is hurting yourself when attempting something new. Once you overcome this fear, you can try almost anything. Many people prefer the floor mats to the other apparatus because there are many different tricks that even a beginner can master. There are no limits to what an advanced gymnast can attempt to perform on the mats.

This year the gymnastics program was very rewarding. It attracted both beginning and advanced gymnasts. Many of these people came first to exercise and stretch. Often they ended up trying new things, and left with a sense of accomplishment.

Joanne Settel

INTER-CAMP SPORTS

The intercamp sports teams had an eventful, if not winning, season this summer. The varsity softball team both hit and fielded fairly well during their games, but did not end up with an excellent record, (at this time it is 2 wins - 2 losses). The junior varsity team lacked the skill it needed to win, coming out of the season with quite a losing record, (presently 0-4). The softball teams were headed by Ira Weiss, Marc Altschuler, Seth Gendler, and Alan Himmelstein.

Our soccer teams (there were five of them, though some of the same people were on more than one team) played as a whole rather well, considering the big uproar at about mid-season. This started when one of the Buck's Rock soccer teams went to camp Kenmont to play a game. Kenmont, being an all-boys camp, allowed no girls to play. The girls that were presently on the team were taken off for this game. There was nothing they could do at the time of this game, but as soon as they got back to camp, they immediately protested, getting a petition signed by as many people as possible. This team, (the under 14 years of age team), went to one more game at camp Kenmont, but then cancelled their third and final with them. The under 14 year-old team's record was 0-2. The other four team's records were as follows: the under 15 year-old team won one and tied one; the varsity team was 1-1; and the junior varsity team was 1-0. The coaches for the soccer teams were Nigel Sherwin (who also teaches fencing), Mark Dryden, (who works in tennis), and Neal Beaumont, (who is a counselor in the Woodshop).

The girl's volleyball teams did well as a whole, the junior varsity team did especially well, considering that volleyball coach, Danny Simon, had to make announcements at the last moment to get enough campers to play a game. The junior varsity's record at the time of this writing was 3-0. The varsity team, however, did not play as well, losing the only game they played.

The opposing teams we played this summer in intercamp sports were camp Kent, camp Kenmont, camp Hillcroft, camp Birchwood, and camp Greylock.

One major achievement in intercamp sports came about when camp Kent came to play our CIT boys in softball. With excellent hitting, fielding, and of course team spirit, the CIT's pulled off their first victory over camp Kent ever; and they did it with style.

Richard Wallace

HORSEBACK RIDING

On the other side of the camp, past the bunks, and through the soccer field, one encounters the sounds and smells of the Buck's Rock stables. Seven horses, two counselors, five C.I.T.'s, and the riding students compose the daily riding program. Under the organization of Nicki Stanyard and Liz Jones, the 1980 stables are organized, efficient, and present a good learning environment.

Nicki and Liz, both here as first year counselors from England and Wales, respectively, have proven to be excellent instructors in both riding and stable management. They are tolerant, and careful to avoid dangerous situations that can arise when dealing with such large animals. With the two counselors as guiding influences, the crew of "stable bums" can work hard on improving their own riding and teaching skills.

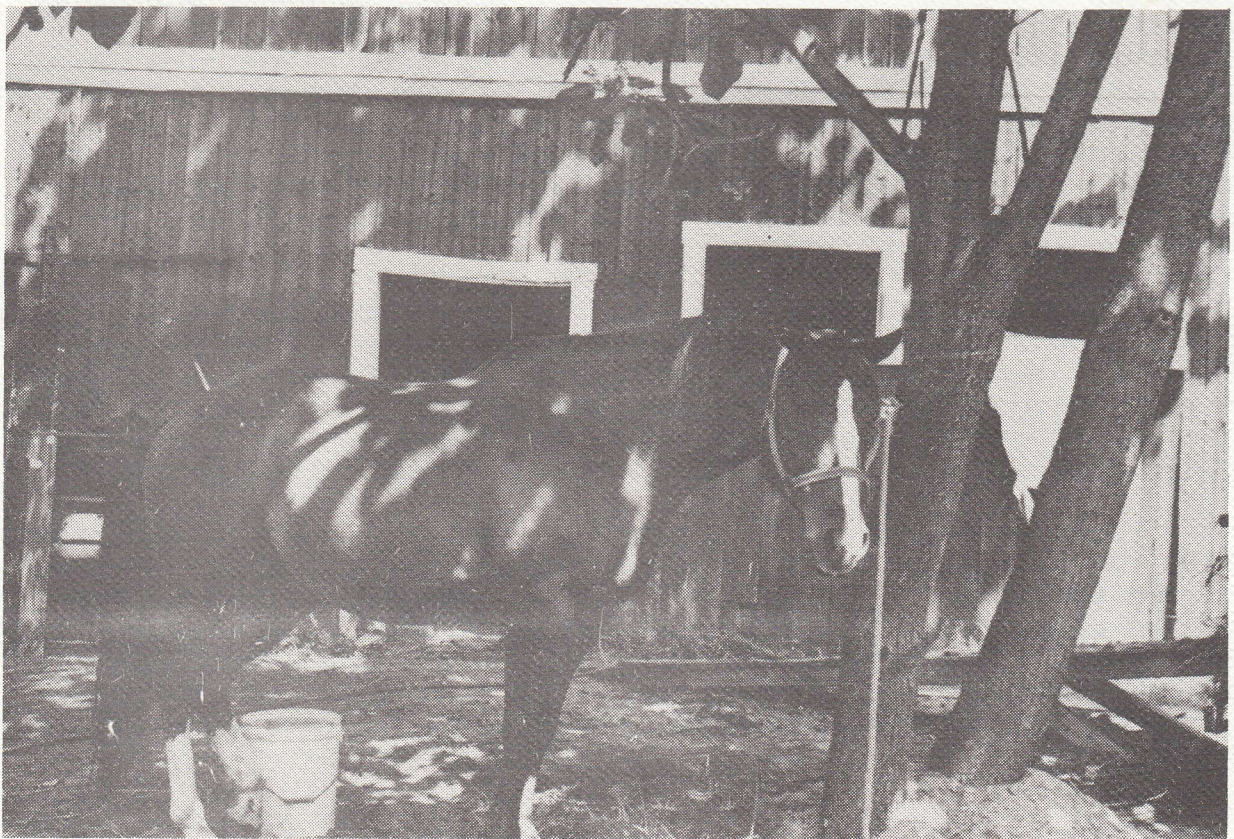
The 1980 stable C.I.T.'s contribute as much as they can to this year's riding program. They teach classes with counselors advising them, and assist in keeping the stables sweet-smelling and clean. With the help of regularly present camper-helpers, the stables fall into a pattern of organization and goodwill.

The riding program included classes taught by both counselors and C.I.T.'s. During lessons, emphasis is placed on the student's position and balance. The instructor helps the rider and horse work together as a unit. Work is done with and without both stirrups and saddles, and eventually the student improves in both skill and self-confidence. The lessons require concentration and begin with exercises to help relax both horse and rider. The lesson progresses with practice of the various gaits: walk, trot and canter, depending on the rider's level of experience. More advanced riders work on their jumping, which is exciting and requires much skill.

Aside from riding, those who are stable regulars join in the fun and unusual activities of forming a chorus for No Talent Night II, eating pizza in the hayloft, mucking out stalls, and trying to coordinate the personality of riders to those of the horses. Those who come down very often may even start acquiring the characteristics of horses (ever see Nina Jochnowitz run?).

The stables have been a place of fun and learning all summer. From the morning classes to the afternoon trail rides, there is always something to do or try. At any given time, two people may be mucking out a stall while others listen to a stable management lecture being given by a counselor and yet another person practices his riding. It is an exciting place to work or visit for those who remember our motto: Mucking is a way of life!!

Maxine Pitter



KARATE



Shrill screams, spinning, snapping movements, toned and polished to perfection. This is a graphic description of karate, an ancient chinese martial art. This art form can be quite fatal when wielded by a blackbelt master.

This year at Buck's Rock, karate training is available. It is taught by brown belt Larry Gerhardt. This karate training has promoted discipline and skill in some of the campers this summer. One summer may not be enough time to earn a black belt rank in karate, but it is certainly enough time to get acquainted with this fascinating sport, and simultaneously to learn a few of the finer points involved in karate.

Many exercises are done to improve one's physical stamina. For example, karate students may do push-ups with the bulk of the weight placed on their wrists. The reasoning behind this seemingly bizarre exercise is to build up strength in the wrists.

Karate is a unique art form because it is simultaneously a method of self-defense, a competitive sport and a dance-like creative art form. Here at Buck's Rock one can combine all three into one by learning "creative karate."

Theo Cobb

K1PGQ

The first day I walked into the electronics shop (K1PGQ Ham Radio to some) I was amazed by what I saw. I was first confronted by the sight of a frenzied camper using a CO₂ fire extinguisher on the flaming remains of his kit.

"What's wrong with it," yelled the frenzied camper.

"It's broken," shouted Al, the frenzied counselor.

"What are you gonna do," inquired a CIT, from under a table.

"Fix it," yelled Henry, the other counselor.

"Nobody touches my car," cried Mike, as his red toyota pulled into the shop.

"I want to talk to you!" Al said to Mike in the car.

"I don't talk to nobody unless it's over my little radio!" replied Mike.

"Fine, you can park in the shop, but don't run over any more campers," answered Al sternly.

"CLEANUP TIME," Henry shouted to a suddenly empty shop.

"Forget about cleanup," said Al. "Let's listen to Springstein."

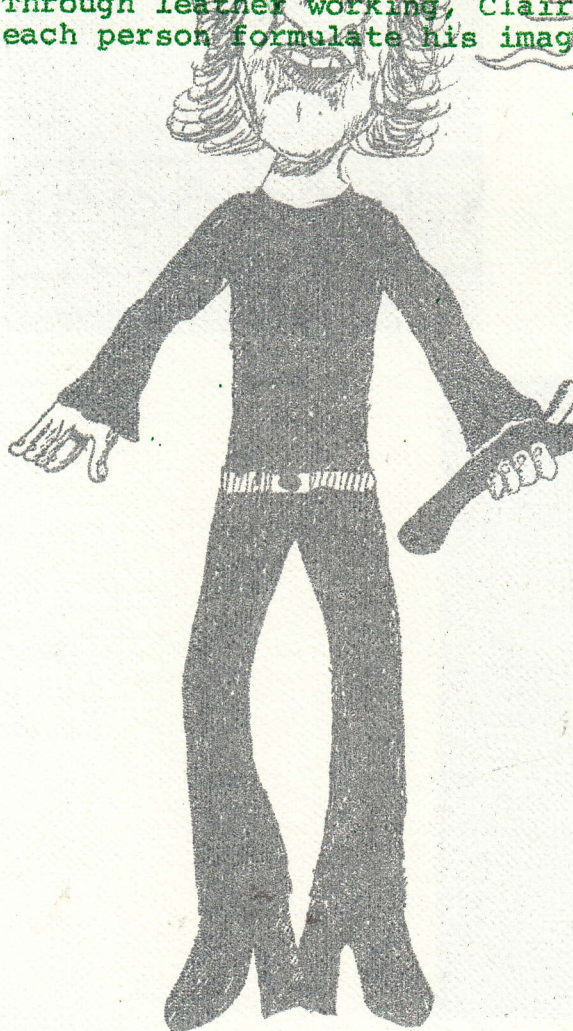
John Q. Amateur

LEATHER

Way in the hinterlands of Girl's Cabins, at the junction of Girl's Terrace, there resides a purple person who thrives on rainbows, sunsets and people. Half adult/half child, Claire Neretin is physical proof there is a way to bridge the gulf between adolescence and adulthood. The Leather Sub, once a glorious air-stream trailer, keeps the leather from the weather, and Claire happy in her milieu. Surrounded by an interior that looks more like a gypsy caravan than a serious studio, the leather shop always has good ambience for intense conversation.

Away from the main studios, the leather shop is off the beaten path. The seclusion is conducive to a relaxed working atmosphere.

Claire, the Leather Lady, believes in the uniqueness of each person's originality. Many times people come in with strange ideas. Through leather working, Claire works with these ideas, helping each person formulate his imagination into reality.

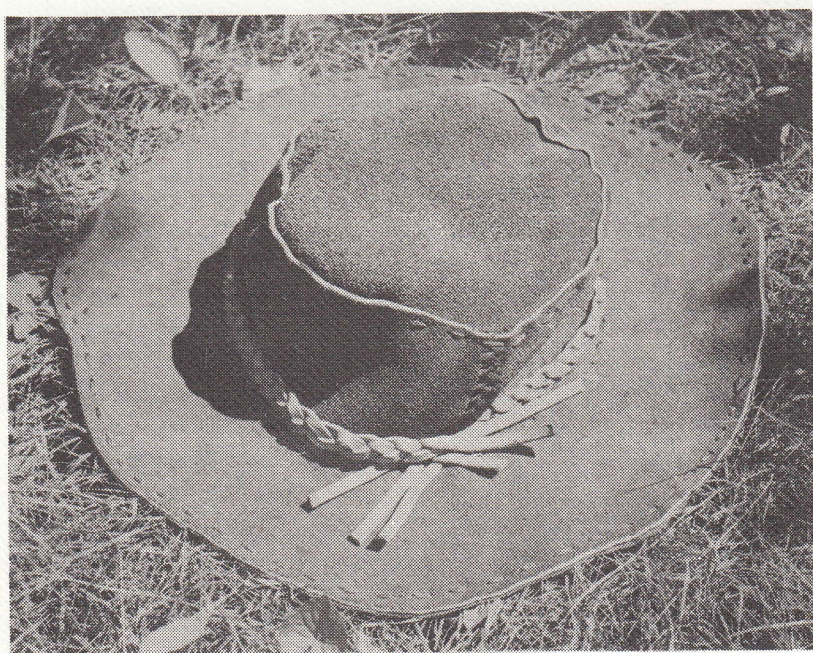


Claire is a very unique person. When asked about her personal feelings concerning the shop, she responded "It's like living in the interior of a Mercedes 450 SL. New smell and all. Which is O.K. because the shop is located near the cesspool area."

Throughout the summer many things were created. The most popular items were hats. Although each was made from a similar pattern, each had its own special touch. Making something in leather is time consuming. The finished product, however, is worth the effort.

All you future leather workers: bring your ideas, cassettes and conversation, and truck on down to see us some time.

Derek Saunders



MAGIC WORKSHOP



Making a card appear in your hand, making a ball appear from the end of a scarf and even pulling ropes through a person's neck!! These and many other illusions are what we have learned in the magic workshop. In addition we have learned the difference between performing magic as an art, that hopefully entertains, and ultimately enlightens our audience; and doing tricks, or presenting intimidating puzzles which represent the art of magic as something cheap. Most importantly, we have learned how magic affects the senses and the primary reality we all share.

Magic as we understand it is the transcendental component which lingers in our primary reality to take us to that happy world--which awaits everyone--where nothing is impossible.

The magic workshop meets at the campfire site. Even though the bugs have been horrible the class has always had an enthusiastic feel for learning card tricks, rope tricks, coin tricks, etc., and learning how to entertain by exaggerated movements.

Ben Robinson, our teacher, is a professional magician, and when you learn magic from him, he will make sure you don't fall on your face. From the time you enter the magic workshop you are more than a person who stands up and makes a coin appear in your hand with no enthusiasm at all, but a magician who entertains by flowing to the moves, puts in some flash and dash and cares for what he is doing.



Peter Sekulow

PHOTOGRAPHY SHOP

When you hear phrases like "develop your negatives" or "burn in the corners of your pictures" you know you have entered a renowned place at Buck's Rock - the overwhelmingly friendly photo lab.

The photo lab team is composed of people who love each other and work together as one unit, the very epitome of efficiency and cooperation. One person tells someone else to do something and that person tells someone else to do it and after three days it might get done.

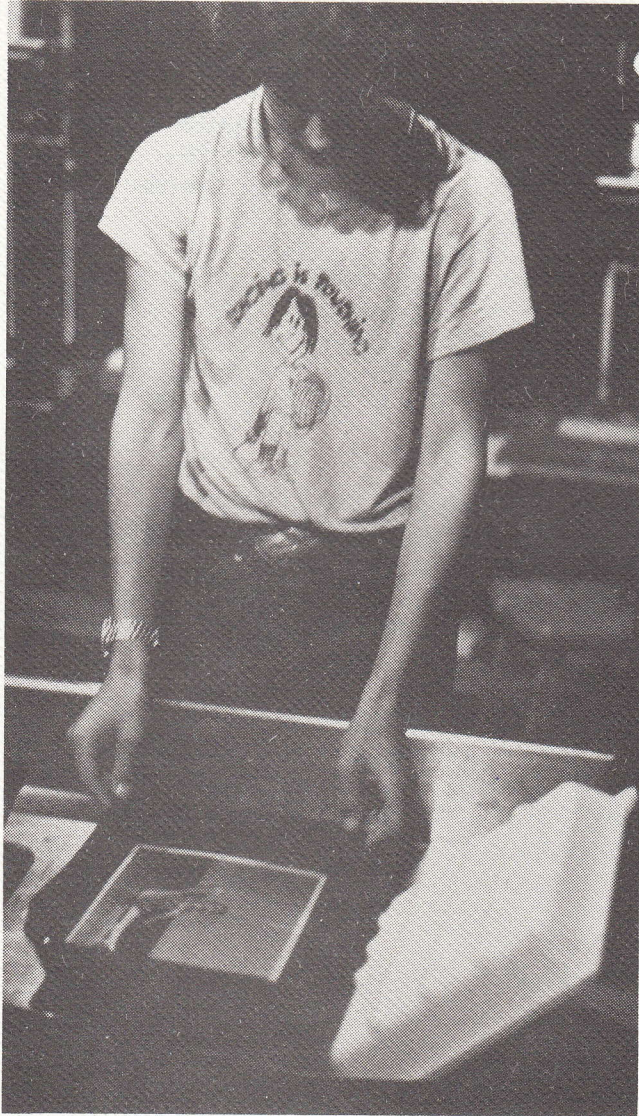
Because of the efficiency in that shop, many beautiful photographs were produced, some that appear in this yearbook and others that have been displayed around camp.

The people in the photo shop have learned to produce many special effects in their photography. For example, solarization involves exposing the photography paper to white light during the development process. Making paper negatives is the process of substituting developed photographs for the negative and developing it on another piece of paper. This makes the blacks white and the whites black. High contrast is another technique used to make the black and white distinct and eliminate grays. Lastly, we learned toning, the effect of which is to tint blacks brown, giving the photograph a rustic look.

The photography shop also sponsored a contest for a picture that would make the best representative postcard of Buck's Rock.

The photography shop is the ideal place to combine dark room techniques with the creative art of taking photographs, to end up with an exciting work of art.

Nicole Neretin



PRINT SHOP

"Charlie!" "Joe!" "James!" Those are the three names you will often hear called at the Print Shop.

You may think only pads and stationery can be made there. Nope! That's not the case! You can make calling cards, business cards, bumper stickers, monograms, informals, thank you notes, invitations, and a lot more.

There is another thing you can do at the Print Shop. It's a special course for those who are interested in learning the specifics of the trade. The course is a CITIT training course. After you finish the course you can take a test and then become a CITIT. A CITIT is a like a CIT but it is for younger people (15 and under).

The Print Shop went on a trip to the Kelsey Company. Kelsey is the company that makes all the paper we use. They cut the paper to the right size and box it and sell it to us. Kelsey also makes some of the type we use. Sometimes when a camper wants a special order Kelsey will get it for us.

One thing which probably turns most of the campers off is the sign-up procedure. I know it's a hassle to get up at the dreaded wake-up gong, but it's worth it. Once you're in the Print Shop it's really so much fun. Just try it. Once it's done you'll have a very professional job. So what if you get up early at least once a summer. It's not bad at all.

See you all next year in the Print Shop!

David Pogrebin

INTERVIEW

with Mitch Schear

Mitchell Schear (known to staff and campers alike as "Mitchell Schear"), who has been at Buck's Rock since the age of twelve, will probably not return next summer. It is with great sadness that we see him go.

Through Mitch's three years as head of the Pub Shop, he has kept the atmosphere friendly and relaxed with his smile and his sense of humor. Once, during the heat wave, two-thirds of the camp went down to the swimming hole and the other third stayed in Pub, busily coallating Prism. Mitch ripped up all the red rags in the shop so everyone could have red bandanas. This is typical of Mitch's never-ending efforts to keep the shop lively and energetic. We'll miss him.

Q: Why did you first decide to work here?

A: I first came here as a camper in 1970. When I was old enough I joined the ranks of CITs, and then moved up to JC, counselor, and eventually the head of the Pub Shop. You see, when I was eight, someone told me what the salary was for the head of the shop. I immediately decided to strive for that goal. I actually don't like the shop very much. It's just a good way to get a fine salary, room and board, and the unlimited opportunity to wink at vintage young girls.

Q: How did you first find out about Buck's Rock?

A: My older brother and sister, Stuart and Roseanne, both came here as campers. Before I was old enough to be a camper, I visited the camp. Once I even played cat's cradle with Ernst on the lawn. Of course, the first thing I did when I visited as a youngster was drop by the Pub Shop and supervise a run.

Q: How has the Pub Shop changed since then?

A: Well, each year is different. When I first came here, the shop put out only the weekly "Weeder's Digest." Now we come out with all kinds of magazines. Also, we've stopped printing on materials other than paper. I saw immediately that we could stop ruining expensive machinery if we didn't take on batik jobs when the Fabric Shop got too busy...running a piece of waxed muslin through the offset does terrible things to the rollers.

Q: Do you like putting out magazines with different themes or the same theme better?

A: I like different themes better. It leaves the magazine more open to the campers. Their personalities influence the personality of the shop each summer. For instance, this year's post-Star Wars sci-fi trend resulted in Prism. Every summer creates itself.

Q: Who will replace you?

A: I don't know. It depends on who comes back next year. If nobody comes back next year, we may have to bring in someone entirely new to Buck's Rock. That would be difficult in some

ways, because the shop is complex and familiarity can often prevent a lot of mistakes, but it would also mean that the shop would take new and interesting turns. It could be very exciting. I don't know. Actually, no one can replace me.

Q: How long have you been head of the Pub Shop?

A: For three years. I've been a counselor in the shop since 1975.

Q: What are your responsibilities as head of the shop?

A: I have a desk. I keep the bulletin board over my desk neatly organized, and then walk around suggesting that everyone should work harder. During yearbook production, I make sure that everyone pays for their Carvel flying saucers.

Q: Why are you leaving?

A: I think it's time. I've been embezzling from the shop budget for three years now, and Don is beginning to catch on.

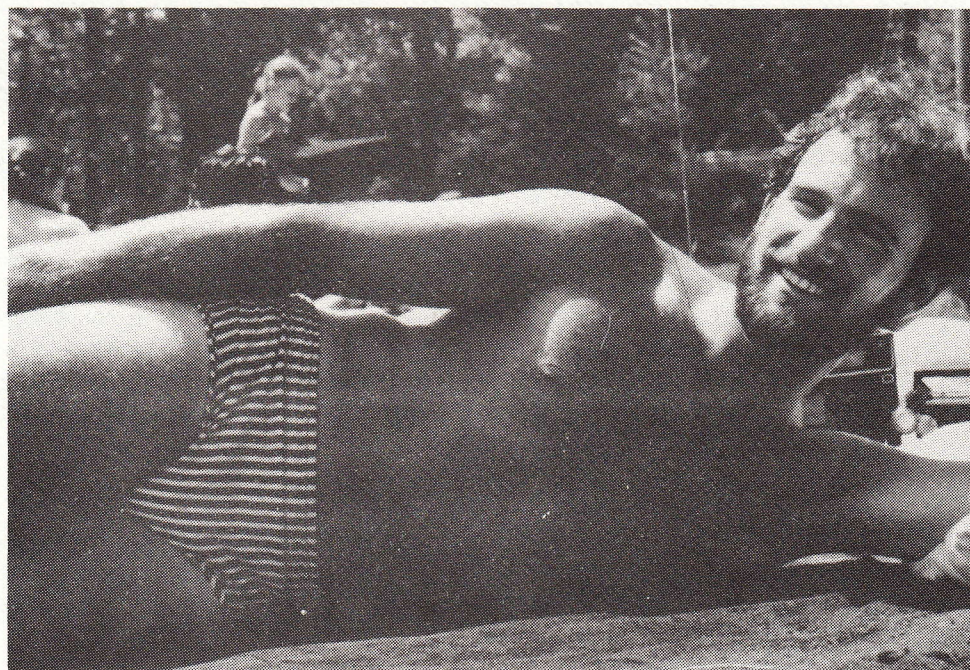
Q: What are your final feelings about Buck's Rock?

A: Up to now I've been a student, I've had my summers free. Now, I'm going into a 12-months-a-year situation. I won't have time to work at Buck's Rock, which I regret. This camp has been very good to me. Better than it knows, because of the cash I've managed to store away. I've moved up through the ranks, and played on softball teams in every possible capacity, from cute camper to inspiring coach. There's nothing left for me here -- I'm at the top. Until they start color war, I have no more challenges.

Q: How old are you, exactly?

A: I think there's a phone call from the paper supply company waiting for me at the office. Gotta go. I'll see you.

Interviewed by Pam Renner and
Anne Edelson



PUBLICATIONS



Sitting outside
around faded maroon benches
a foundation strong
from generations of writers

The fumes of melting wax
and burnt metal
absorb the air
making typists cough
and blurring the eyes
of a CIT gone temporarily A.W.O.L.

The frustration of writer's block
pours down a cheek
causing the sound of a broken pencil
to float across the room

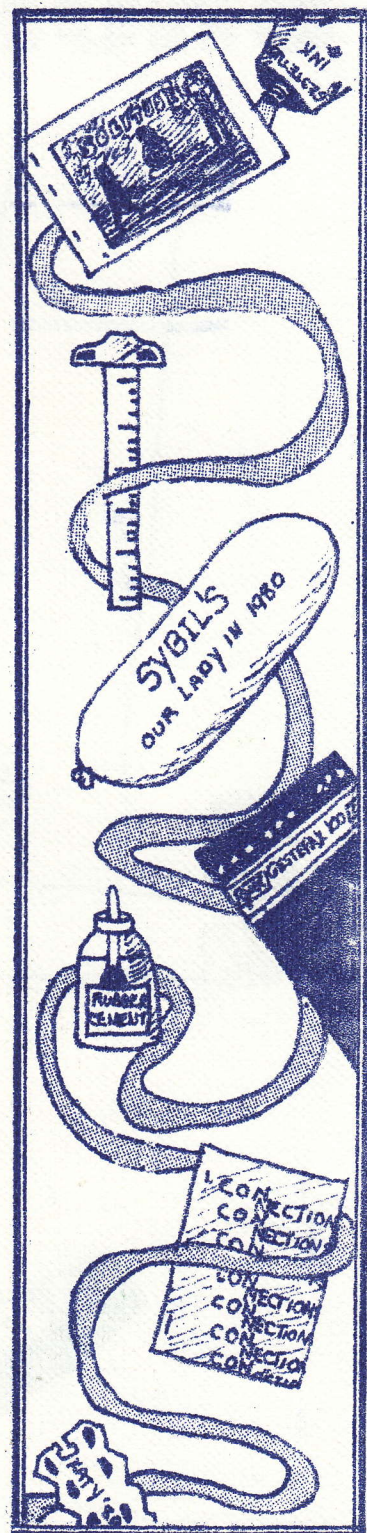
WBEC blares
causing a straight line
to veer
when a T-square
melts and blends
becoming an extension of a hand

Saws buzz
inked hands
caress author's ego

A slipsheeter's heart
beats the rhythm of a Gestetner
doing work soon to be undone
by a deslipsheeter
sweating red ink

Now I'm reluctant to leave
my faded maroon bench
It's become a part of me
I feel protected, secure

Mandy Keifetz

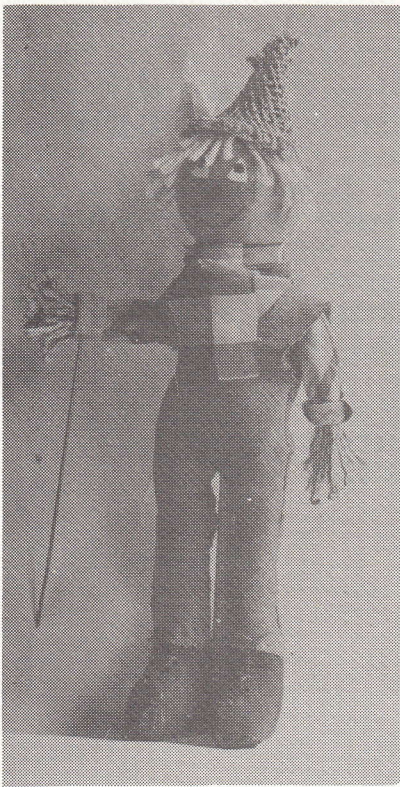


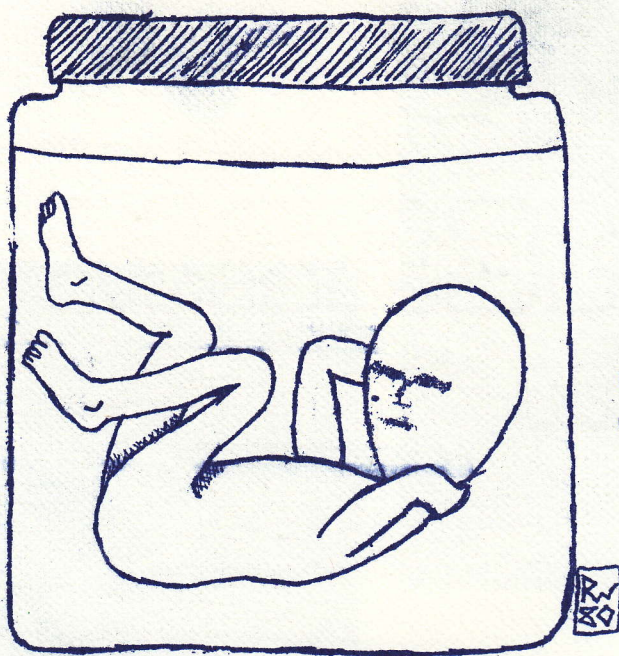
PUPPETRY SHOP



With love the head is formed
fingers pressing into the brittle clay
carefully they soften what is
hard and stiff, cradling
it with happiness
becoming the nucleus of
a newly created body
filling it with life
like a beating heart
never stopping
My hands have become
the soul and spirit of my puppet
I am the puppeteer
keeping it alive for eternal life
giving myself an
everlasting friend

Erica Goodman





SCIENCE LAB

I walked into the Science lab. For a long time I had been meaning to go in there and see what was in those bottles lined up by the window.

"Can I help you?" asked Agnes. I told her I just wanted to look around. I headed for the bottles. There were many bottles filled with fetal animals: cats, chickens, etc.

Suddenly a special one caught my eye. It was a fetal baby! A human! It had tiny fragile feet and hands. The head was big compared to the body. Its skin was cream colored. It was delicate beyond belief.

I stood there, fascinated, staring at it for a couple of minutes. Then an overwhelming sense of horror swept over me. Quickly I left the science lab and the bottled baby.

Katie Roiphe

This has been a summer of varied activities at the Science Lab, ranging from collections to dissections. Starting early in the summer with dissections of white rats, campers were instantly introduced to the biology and taxidermy of lower mammals. Later, at a star gazing session above the veggie farm, campers were star-struck by astronomy. Two shooting stars, a variety of constellations, and a possible man-made satellite were seen. Trips to the swimming hole proved re-

warding, as minnows and crayfish caught there were given a new home in a small aquarium for observation. A couple of weeks into the first month, a very new activity was planned for those interested. A series of seminars was offered dealing with physics. Interest was so great, that the course is now offered twice a week. Other group projects included fetal pig dissection, some chemical experiments, molecular model building, work on a mosaic, a caving trip, some nature hikes, and trips to the American Indian Archaeological Institute and Pratt Nature Center.

Individual projects were dominated by insect collections, mostly butterflies and bees. A weather station that included a rain gauge, barometer, anemometer, and a thermometer was set up by our forecaster. An experiment with our tadpoles showed that those animals cannot live in saline solutions. A collection of wasp nests, the care of insectivorous plants, plant pressing, and jam and soap-making were all tried here at the Science Lab.

Our weekly surveys revealed previously unknown information about the genetic make-up, visual perception, manual dexterity, and E.S.P. levels of the Buck's Rock population. The cooperation of the camp was astounding, and at times overwhelming. Thanks to all who helped.

This year's zoo-bus was very rodential - about 32 mice, 8 hamsters, 7 guppies, 5 salamanders, 3 toads, 30 tadpoles, and one snake made up the permanent animal population. Crayfish, minnows, insects, and spiders, were frequent visitors. Humans came to examine our reserved animal collection, to read our National Geographic magazines (dating back to May 1941), and generally, to be amazed.

It has been a super-fantastic, very exciting, and even educational summer at the Science Lab.

Robert Weinerman
Jorden Weiss

SCULPTURE

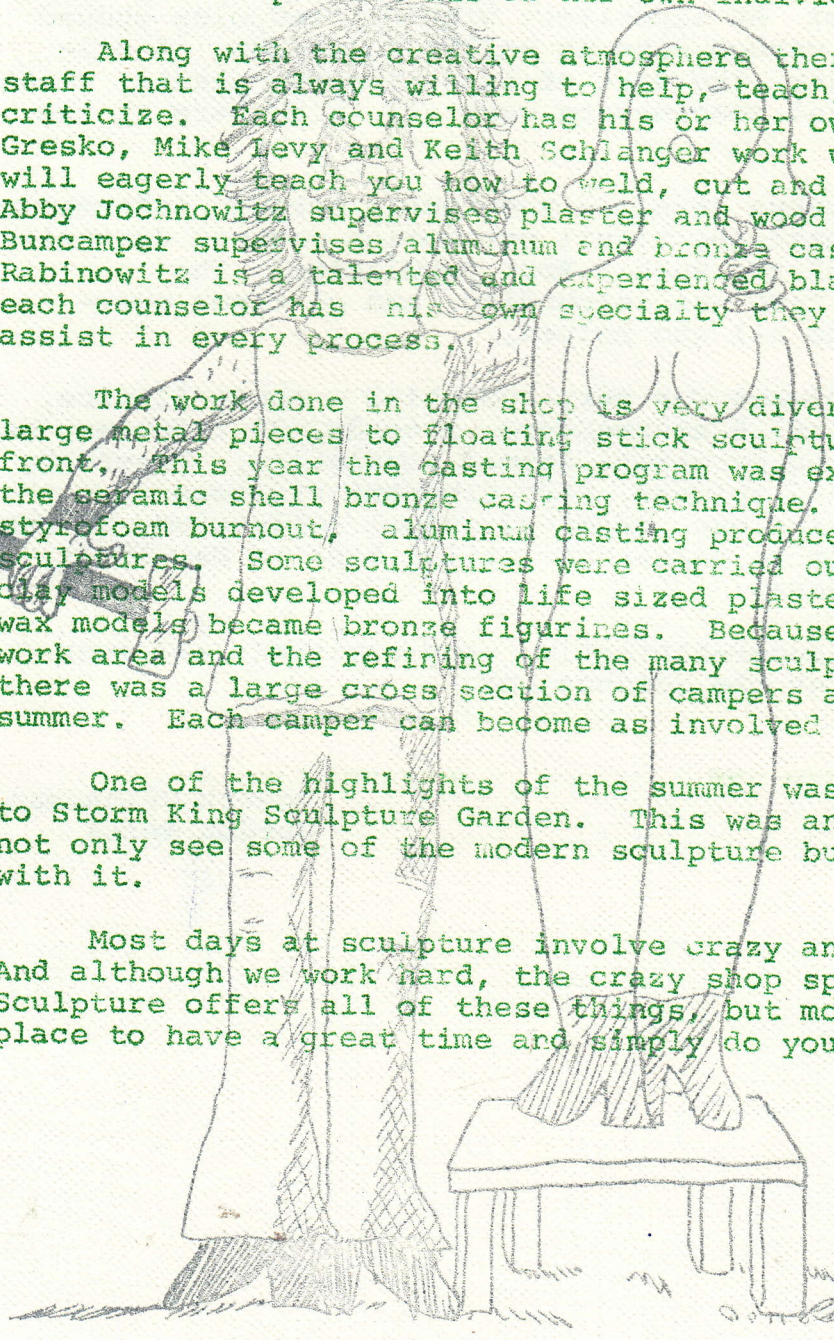
From under a tent in the corner of camp comes some of the most original and creative art work produced at Buck's Rock. The sculpture shop truly conforms with the philosophy of Buck's Rock. There is a spirit of creativity and individuality which allows one to produce his or her own individual work.

Along with the creative atmosphere there is a talented staff that is always willing to help, teach, and constructively criticize. Each counselor has his or her own specialty. Jack Gresko, Mike Levy and Keith Schlanger work with metal. They will eagerly teach you how to weld, cut and shape metal. Abby Jochowitz supervises plaster and wood sculptures. Rich Buncamper supervises aluminum and bronze castings. Keith Rabinowitz is a talented and experienced blacksmith. Although each counselor has his own specialty they are all able to assist in every process.

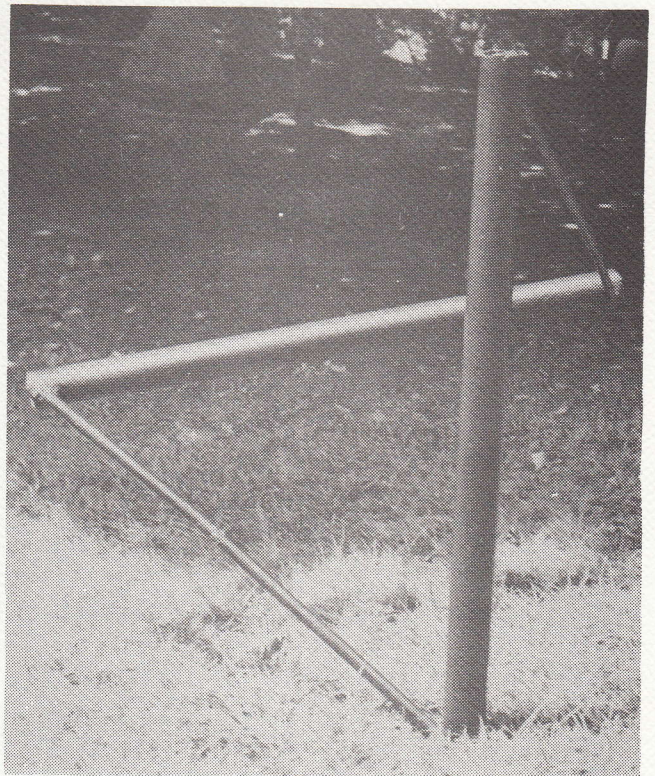
The work done in the shop is very diverse. It ranges from large metal pieces to floating stick sculptures for the waterfront. This year the casting program was expanded by adding the ceramic shell bronze casting technique. Combining this with styrofoam burnout, aluminum casting produced over forty sculptures. Some sculptures were carried out in several mediums; clay models developed into life sized plaster sculptures and wax models became bronze figurines. Because of the expanded work area and the refining of the many sculpture techniques there was a large cross section of campers at the shop this summer. Each camper can become as involved as he or she chooses.

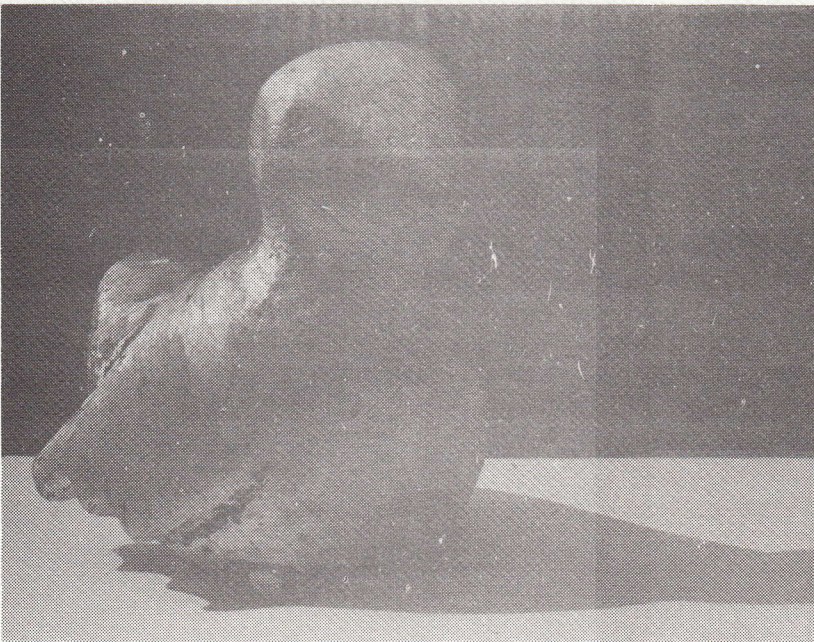
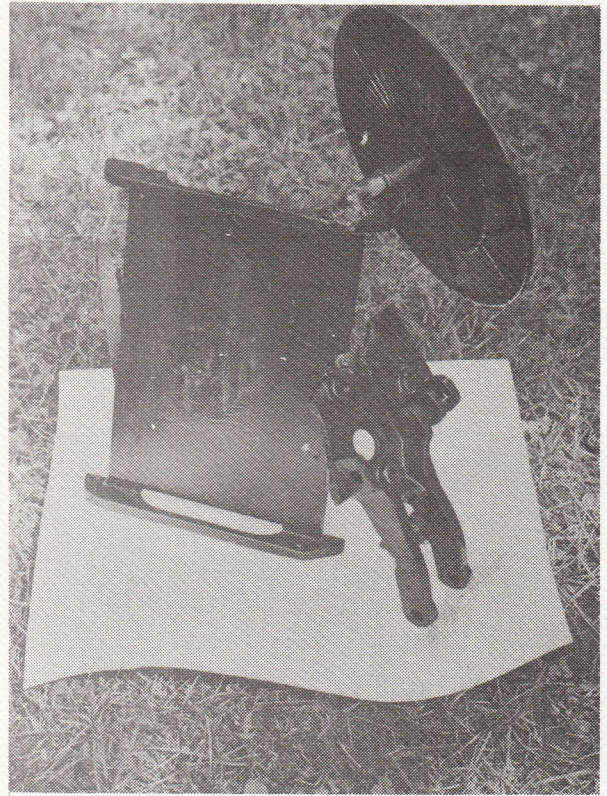
One of the highlights of the summer was sculpture's trip to Storm King Sculpture Garden. This was an opportunity to not only see some of the modern sculpture but to also interact with it.

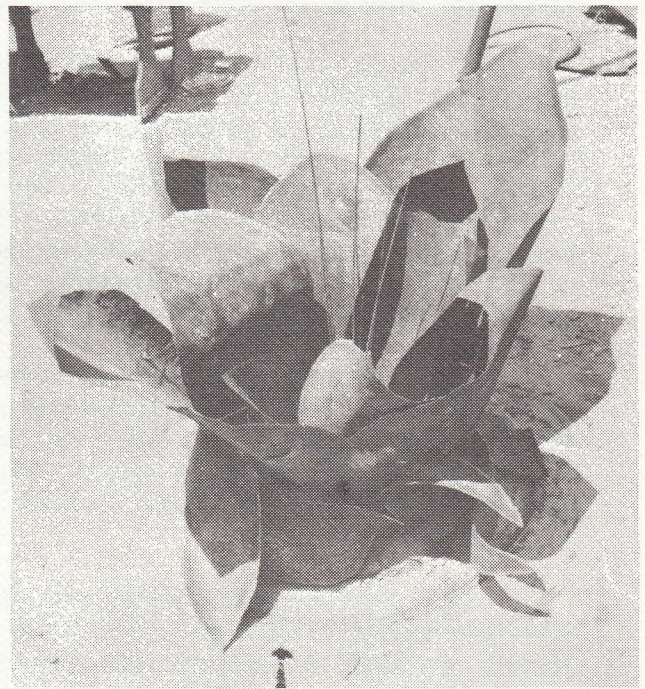
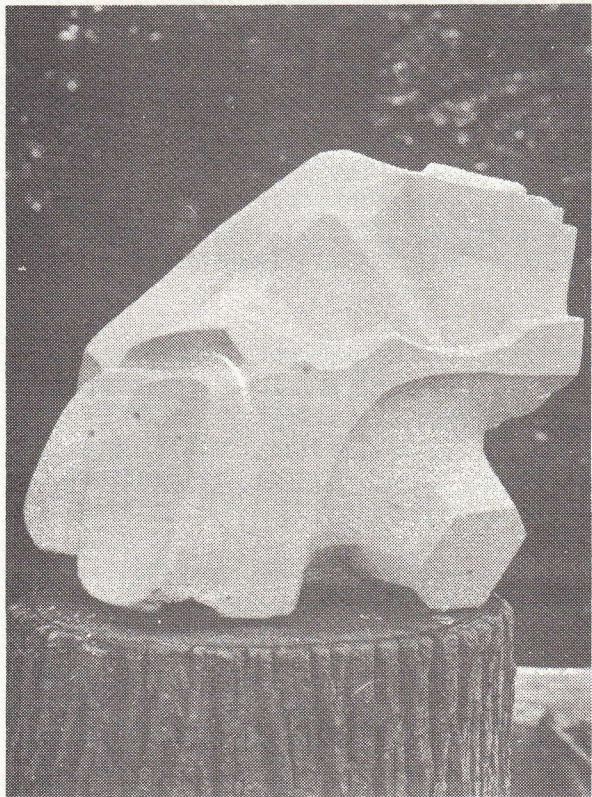
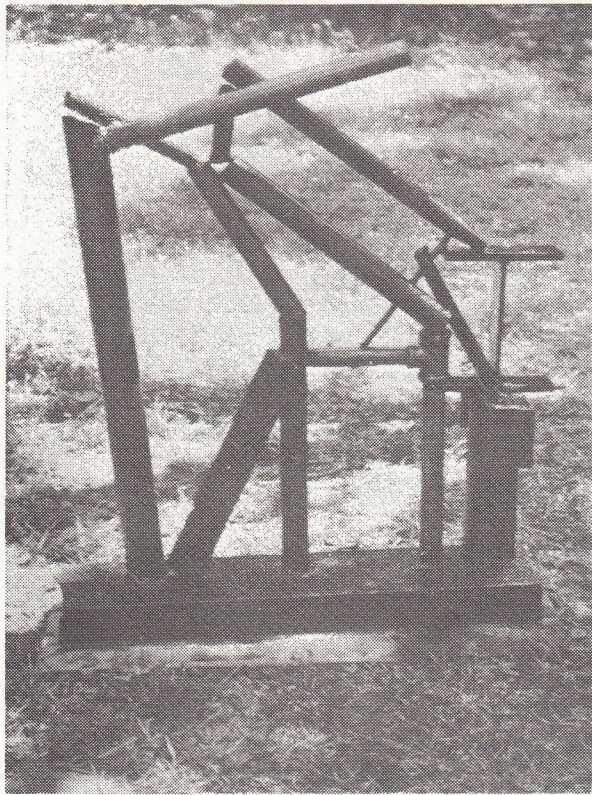
Most days at sculpture involve crazy and treacherous tricks. And although we work hard, the crazy shop spirit never dies. Sculpture offers all of these things, but most of all it's a place to have a great time and simply do your own thing!



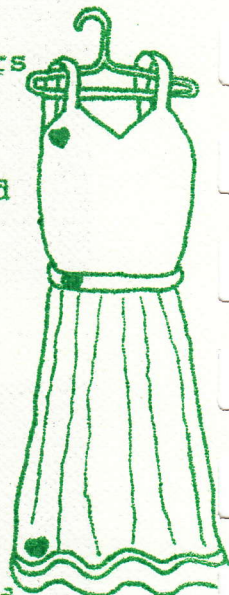
Amanda Deligtisch
Claude Goldberg
Jennifer Klein







SEWING SHOP



When you first enter the Sewing Shop Gillian, one of the counselors, from Swindon, England, usually shouts "What, the #@%##!!! do you want!!!?" Then Adrine, the other English counselor, from Manchester, shows you the pattern books and takes your measurements for the things you want to make. Donna, the only American counselor in the shop from Remford, Maine, usually helps out with the girls who want to make dresses from patterns, quilts, and soft sculptures,

Then on the next Thursday the counselors take the campers on a trip to Danbury where we invade "Carole's Fabric Shop." This is where we buy our patterns and fabric.

We look through the patterns to find the one we selected from the pattern books. When we do this we also look around at the different materials and decide which ones to use. After we've paid, we go next door to the "Subway Sandwich Store" where we buy sodas. On the way back we all beg the counselors to stop at Carvel, Dunkin Donuts, or McDonald's. Donna then tells us (looking us straight in the eye) the contents of a usual McDonald's hamburger (you don't want to know). We return to camp a little before lunch.

That afternoon we all start our projects. First we start to cut out our patterns (for dresses, shirts, etc.). Some people are also cutting out squares for quilts and pillows. Everyone is grabbing for scissors, pins, and thread. and all you can see are patterns and materials everywhere, plus a few bodies.

The fun begins when we start to put it together because the machines unthread all the time, the iron stinks, there are never enough scissors for everyone. Everyone screams for seam-rippers (which makes Gillian laugh) or scissors; and the counselors help. But if you are lucky enough to attract the counselors' attention by popping gum, they will help you a lot.

Also working in the Sewing Shop are people from Batik, Weaving, or Silk Screen who finish off their projects with a little sewing. Sometimes boys come to the shop to try to sew a patch on their torn pants.

As each day finishes up the counselors ask us to clean up, and everyone rapidly disappears.





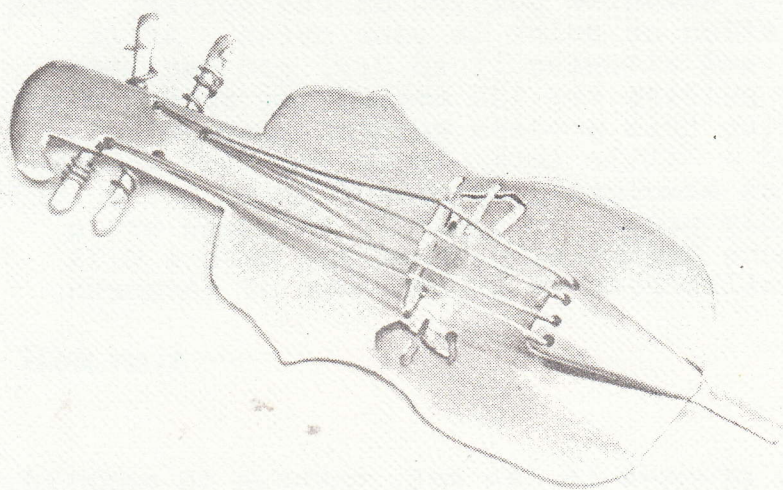
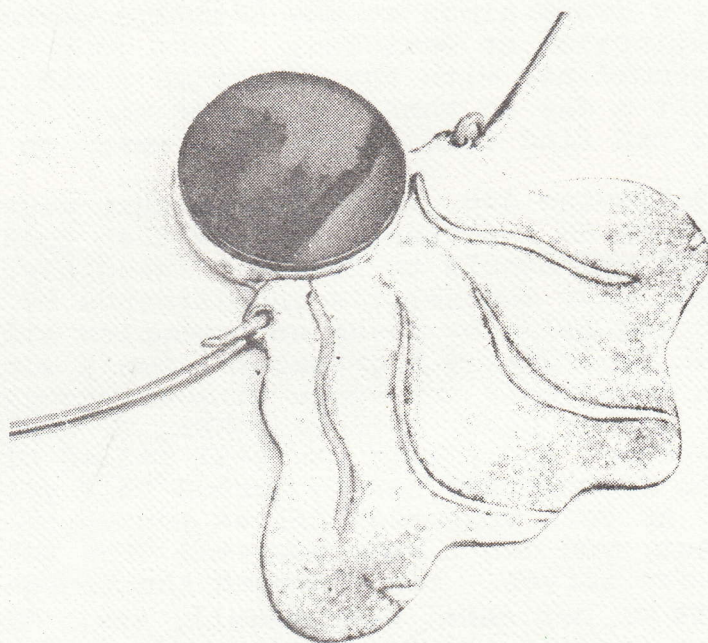
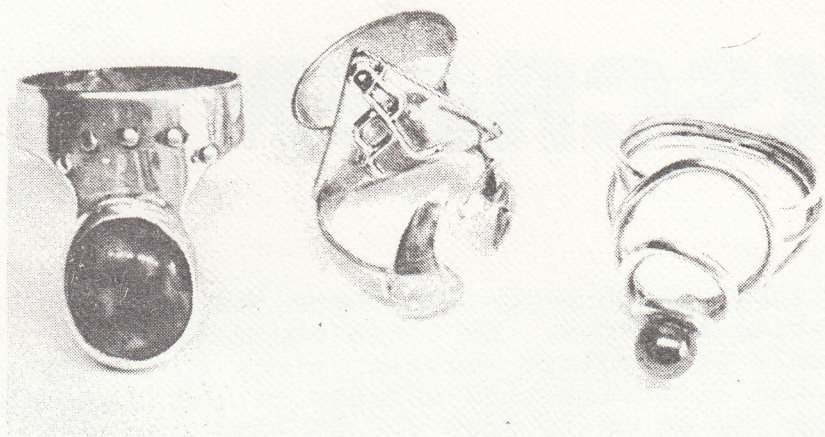
SILKSCREEN

As you enter the Silkscreen Shop you encounter the odor of assorted solvents permeating the room. At first you may feel nauseous, and may seriously contemplate leaving, never to return again. If you get over the debilitating effects of the chemicals floating in the air, then you go on to draw the picture you wish to silkscreen. Of course, it has to be approved by the silkscreen committee, a group aimed at the ultimate perfection of black lines, and the extinction of emulsions. Once your drawing has been found to be in accordance with the committee's rigid standards you are told to wait a day so that one of the many friendly silkscreen counselors can find time to put your image on to a screen.*

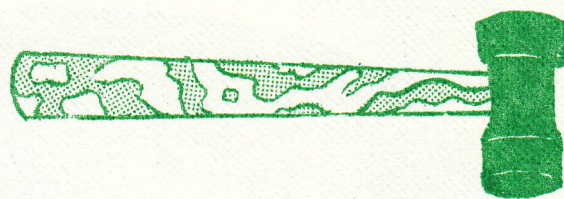
The following day you will find that your picture has been transferred on to a screen. You are then told you can "block out." "Block out?" you mumble to yourself inaudibly, afraid that you might insult your counselor's intelligence by inquiring as to what he or she means by using such complex silkscreening terminology when instructing a greenhorn. Don't worry, the omniscient silkscreen counselors are aware of your ignorance. A patient counselor, either Lisa, Debbie, Nikki, or Craig, will retrieve a mini-squeegee, apply some red gell called block-out to your screen, and demonstrate how to spread this gell with the mini-squeegee. As your counselor leaves you to the tedious job of blocking-out, you can't keep yourself from asking what purpose the block-out serves. You approach the counselor, still not sure of his or her name, and uneasily ask, "What does the block-out do?" -- feeling the alienating effect of technology to the fullest. This is the answer given piecemeal: the block-out clogs the pores of the silkscreen, thus making it possible for ink to find its way through only a selected portion of the screen. This allows for a diverse variation of color in your print. After blocking out your screen, and allowing it to dry, you can then print your first color by pulling the ink across the screen with a large squeegee. Repeating this process several times will, with a lot of patience and a little luck, leave you with approximately twenty copies of an absolutely beautiful print. The world is yours. You have not only proved to yourself that you are a formidable artist, but, more importantly, that you have a will made of steel. Making a silkscreen is a true test of strength.

-- Alex Wolf

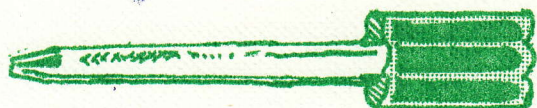
*Note: This magic process is, as yet, unknown to mankind.



SILVER/



METALWORKING



SHOP

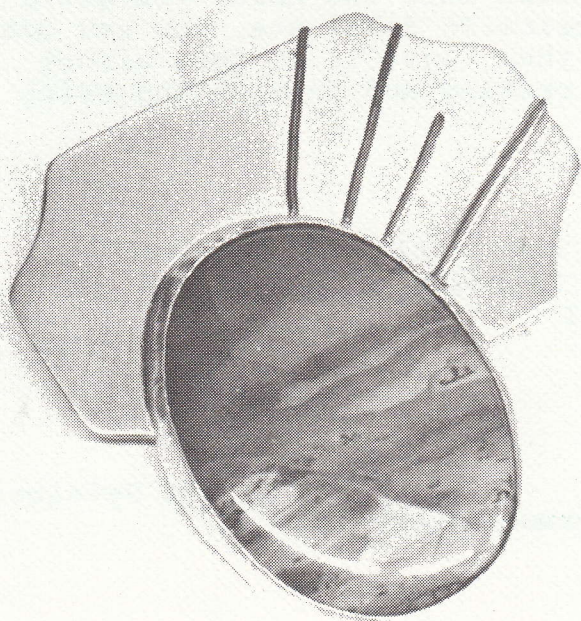
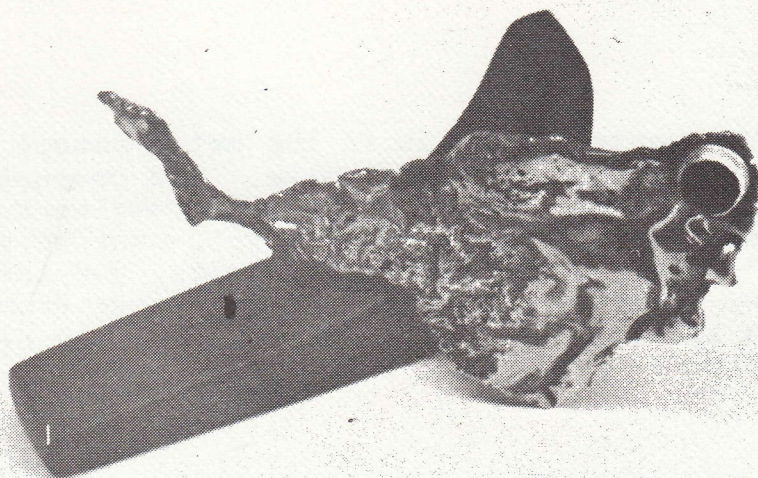
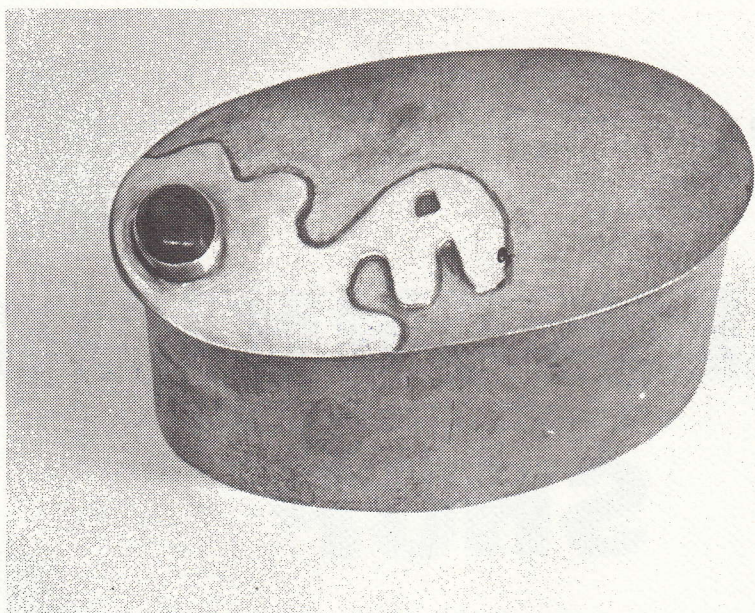


You begin a project in the metal shoppe by drawing and planning out whatever you intend to make. The counselors help to improve the original and translate it into metalwork. Creativity is strongly stressed in all the projects. They must be unique and "never before seen." After you complete the design, you then decide what metal to use. There are five metals to choose from: nu gold, silver, nickle silver, brass, and copper. You can also enamel, cast, or fabricate your piece.

To enamel, you melt small peices of glass into metal. Casting involves creating a sculpture out of wax and making a plaster mold from it. Then, by pouring hot metal into the mold, you get a metal replica of the original wax peice. To fabricate, you saw out shapes from sheet metal and solder them together to form almost anything you want. You can also do casting and fabricating using stones.

The metal shop offers a great opportunity to be creative, and make something both useful and beautiful, except when the counselors trap you for cleanup!!!!

Alissa Spielberg



SOCCER



A walk to the soccer field in early evening usually finds a game in progress. These soccer games are played almost religiously from seven to eight-thirty every evening. Each team is composed of about six campers and one or two counselors. These people usually play the same positions each game in order to practice for the competitive games. Any one who wants to, can participate in practice.

One test you will often be subject to, at the soccer field, are all the bugs. Soon you will understand why all the players keep their hands over their heads; this keeps the bugs away from their faces.

When we go to another camp for a soccer tournament either Nigel or Mark, the soccer counselors, come with us. Our team has eleven players plus two or three substitutes. There are usually four forwards, who try to score the goals, three mid-fielders who get the ball to the forwards, and three defenses and the goalie, whose job it is to keep the ball out of our goal area.

Our team has played two games against other camps. The first, against camp Kent, we won 2-1. Our next game was against camp Birchwood, and we were defeated 4-2. In both of these games our team played well. The junior varsity team has played in three tournaments against Birchwood, Kenmont, and Kent.

Playing soccer this summer was a lot of fun. While I had fun I also learned about this exciting and demanding game.

Sonia Chalfin

VEGGIE FARM



The first thing you see as you approach the farm is the greenhouse. It's impossible to miss because it is in the front of the garden. Lorenzo is usually inside the greenhouse or in the garden picking vegetables. Lindsey is probably also doing some job for the benefit of the farm. Lorenzo will ask you if you want to work and give you a job, which could be anything from picking string beans to carting vegetables to the walk-in refrigerator.

When you go out to pick vegetables from the rows by the greenhouse you take a bucket to carry the beans, radishes or whatever you are picking at the time. It is very quiet at the farm and one of the only sounds you can hear is yourself picking the vegetables. It does not require much concentration to pick them (depending on what you are picking, of course) so you can think about other things and try to work out problems while you are there.

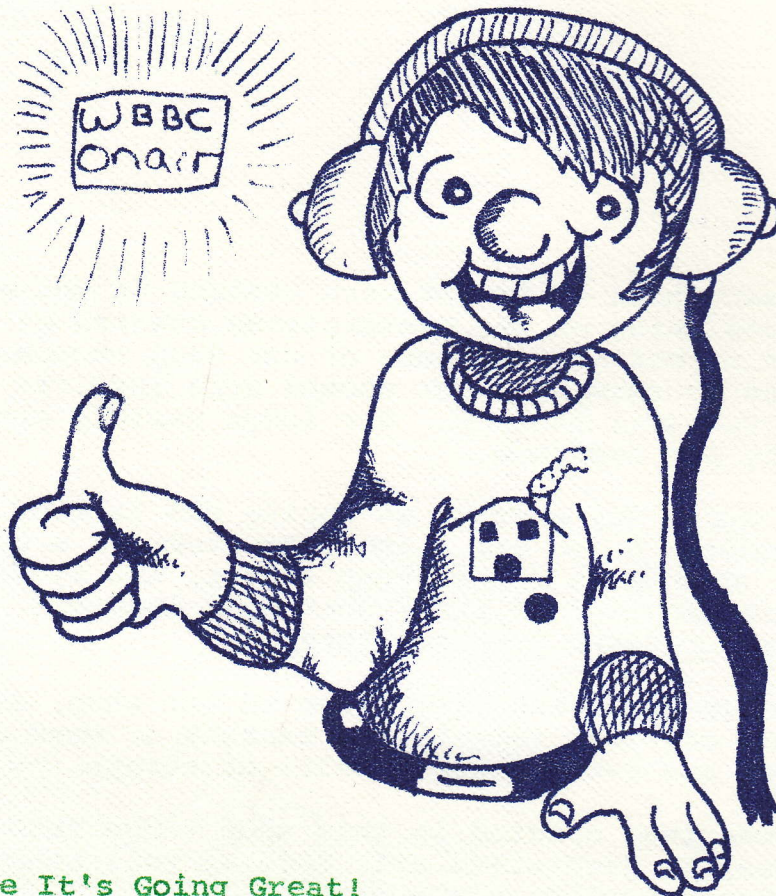
You will notice right away how hot it is there and may feel like giving up and going to the waterfront--but stick to it and in the end you'll be glad you did. You may also find you are being attacked while you pick by various insects, but that is not the case. They will not bite you unless you bite them first. And after you have gotten the job done, after snacking on some fresh vegetables along the way, you can go back to the greenhouse and relax with a drink of cool water. You can sit and talk to Lorenzo and Lindsey or play with Lorenzo's kitten Mesha. You can eat some beans and corn or joke about the shapes of just-picked carrots. Have you any idea how a vegetable tastes when it is freshly picked? Nothing less than delicious.

Lorenzo will ask you if you would like to go back into the garden and do another job. If you feel that you have had enough farming for one day, Lorenzo will ask you to sign your name and the length of time you worked. He will say goodbye and invite you to come back anytime.

Every weekend the "Incredible Edibles" stand is open opposite the canteen. It is open from about ten thirty until five. Sold there are most of the vegetables that were picked during the week: beans, carrots, peas, radishes, lettuce, and onions. Lorenzo also buys a crate of some fruit, usually cherries or peaches. During the week people sign up to work for about two hours a day. When the weekend is over, you go back and pick vegetables for the next weekend. Being in the garden is a rare pleasure not available in the city.

Rebecca Bross

WBBC



WBBC, Where It's Going Great!

The radio voice of Buck's Rock, where each day comes and goes in a rush of music, interviews, news, and all sorts of specials.

In WBBC, counselors Howie Gould and Bob Ainsworth, and C.I.T.'s Kim Kaiman and Doug Thierman run the station with a talent that brings more campers to the station each day. These campers work either as engineers, announcers, or D.J.'s for shows and specials.

This summer, WBBC had excellent shows such as the River Rat Paul show and the Jeff Salamon show and specials on such greats as the Beatles, The Rolling Stones, Bruce Springsteen, Bob Dylan, Simon and Garfunkel, and many more.

The talent from the campers that worked at WBBC this summer was outstanding. It was definitely going great.

Richard Wallace

WEAVING

The many-hued skeins of yarn resting on the shelves are only the beginning of the masterpieces created at the weaving shop. The peaceful atmosphere of our shop enhances the joy most people find in weaving. The wooded area inspires the weavers' color and textural choices. Our large variety provides an opportunity for everyone.

Some might say weaving is boring and tedious. To be creating a project on or off a loom, however, is a wonderful experience. Coming to the weaving studio, and finding the people to be as interesting as their weavings, inspires many campers to begin their first projects here.

Although there are many looms in our shop, some people prefer to make off-loom tapestries, baskets or work on inkle looms. Inkle looms are used to weave belts or straps.

The weavings created in this shop range from useful blankets and scarves, to decorative art, such as wall hangings and pillows. Other projects include place mats, rugs, or cloth to be later sewn into clothing. The more challenging weaving projects tend to be frustrating, but are taken on by more ambitious and patient campers. The result is well worth the effort.

Generally, the most fulfilling part of weaving is to see your piece in use, whether covering your bed or hanging on your wall!

Doreen Frumkin
Laura Straus
Amy Weil

How to Get Along With Your Loom When Weaving.



There are special precautions which should be followed in order to get along well with a loom. Firstly, bless the loom with a meaningful name, and treat it well, so it feels respected and part of the family.

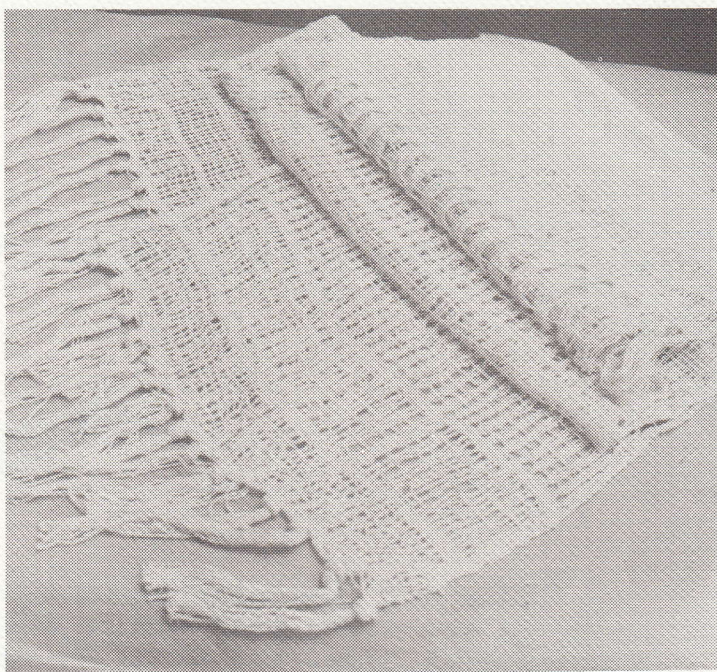
Although it may be possible to show a table loom who's boss, this tactic does not always work well with floor looms. They are bigger in size, and have nasty tempers. Contrary to popular opinion, mishaps that occur on the loom are one's own fault. Some unappreciated occurrences, however, may be the loom's way of seeking revenge. The loom may decide to ruin the work in progress if one doesn't spend time with it.

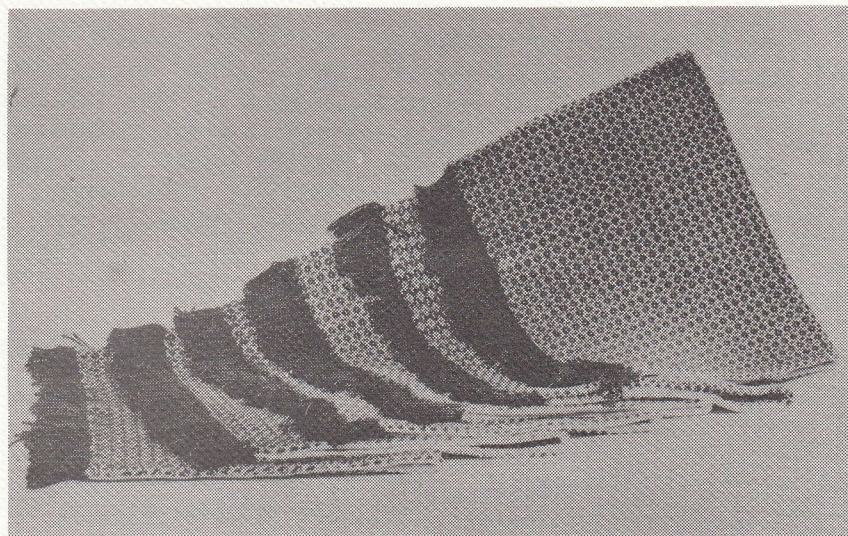
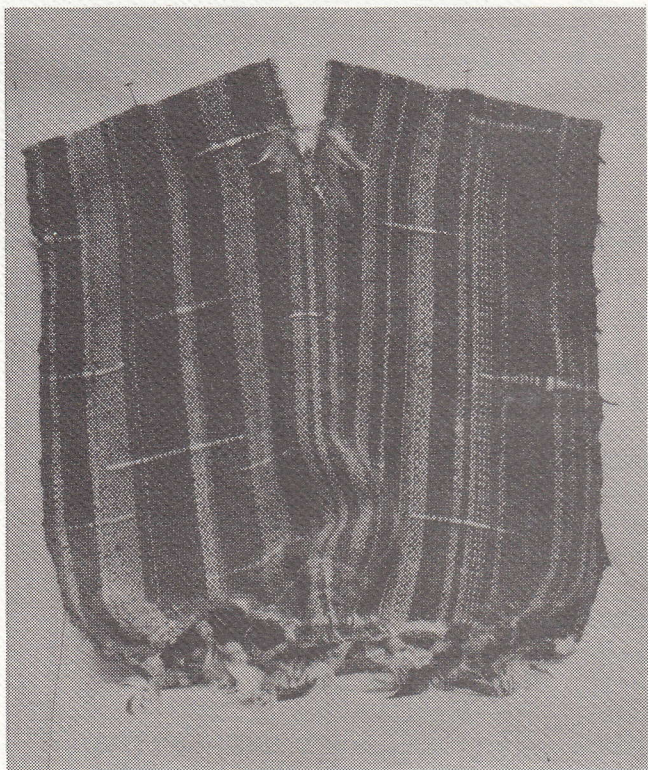
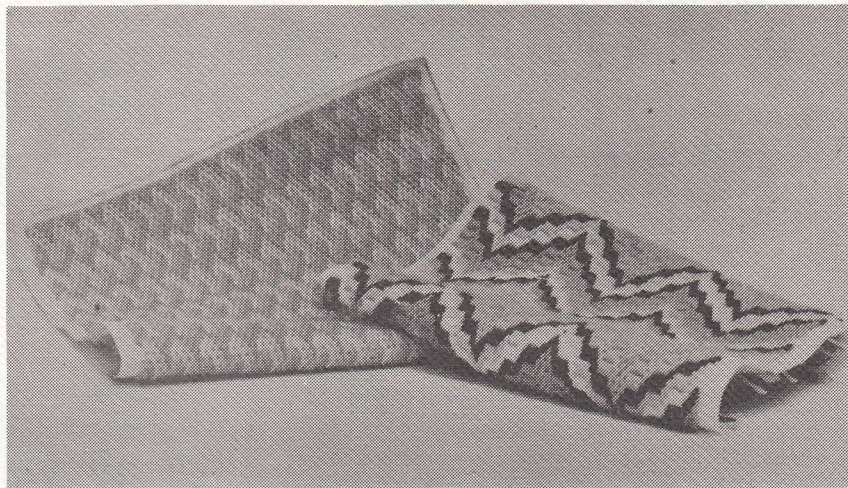
Looms like company and are wonderful to talk to. They are attentive listeners, and never turn their backs on the weaver. One must make sure not to abuse the loom by cursing it, kicking it, punching it, or screaming at it. If these instructions are not followed the loom may become angry and cause knots and broken warp threads (vertical strings) or refuse to work when one wants it to.

Worst of all, the loom might inflict physical pain by finding it advantageous to close itself upon an unsuspecting finger. But remain patient. If one treats a loom well, and gets along with it, it can make for many happy hours of weaving.

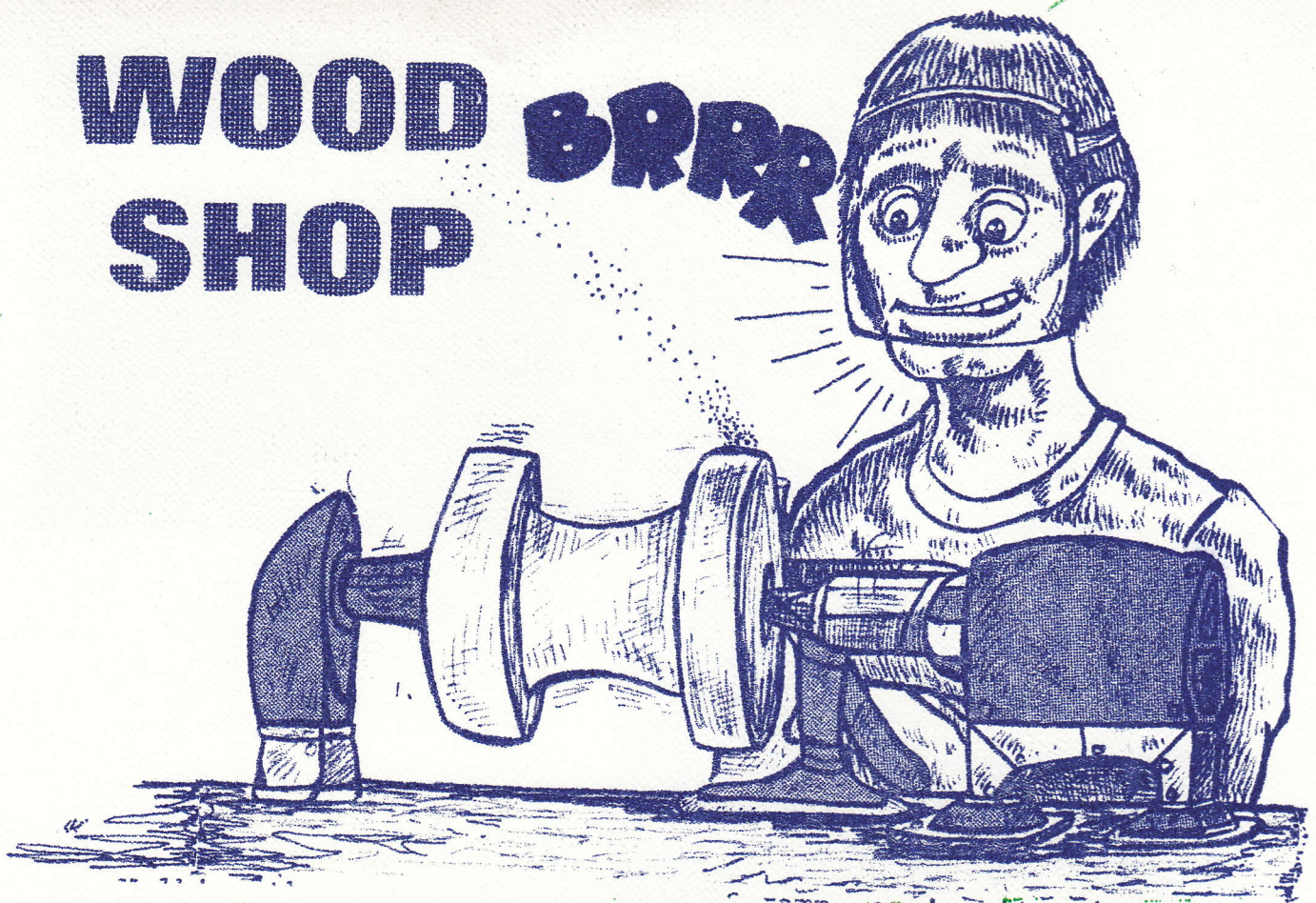
Laura Duberstein







WOOD SHOP BRRR



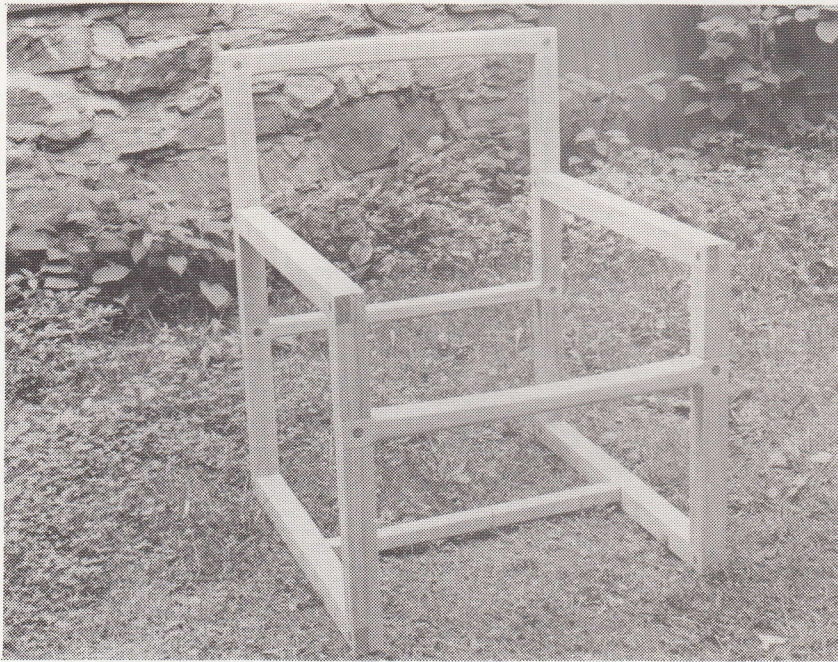
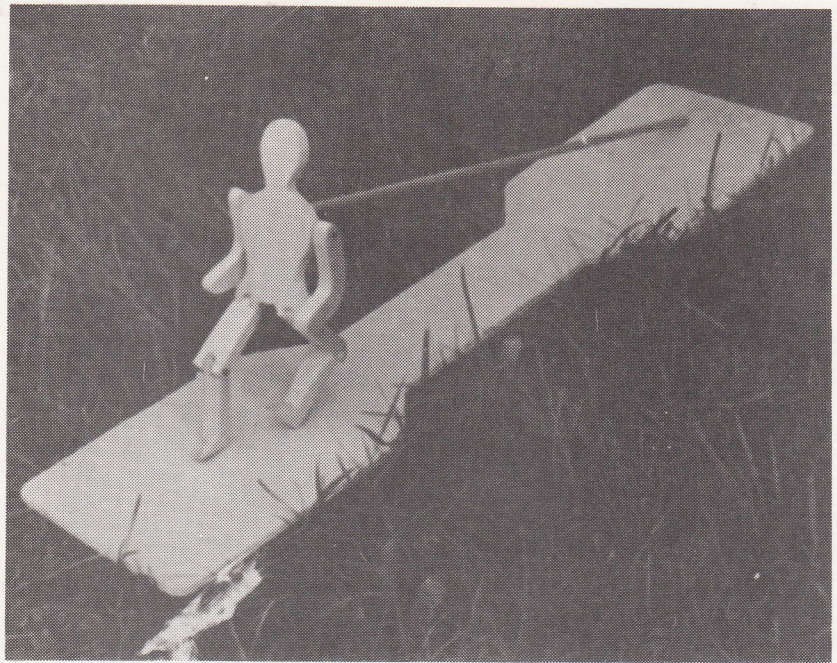
Walking through the shop areas of camp, one's attention is immediately drawn to an immense and somewhat chaotic edifice. This building, commonly known as the Wood Shop, is easily identified by the screeching of its saws, pounding of its hammers, and whirring of its lathes. Though it is forever dusty, crowded, and hot, the Wood Shop is one of the most invigorating and productive shops in Buck's Rock.

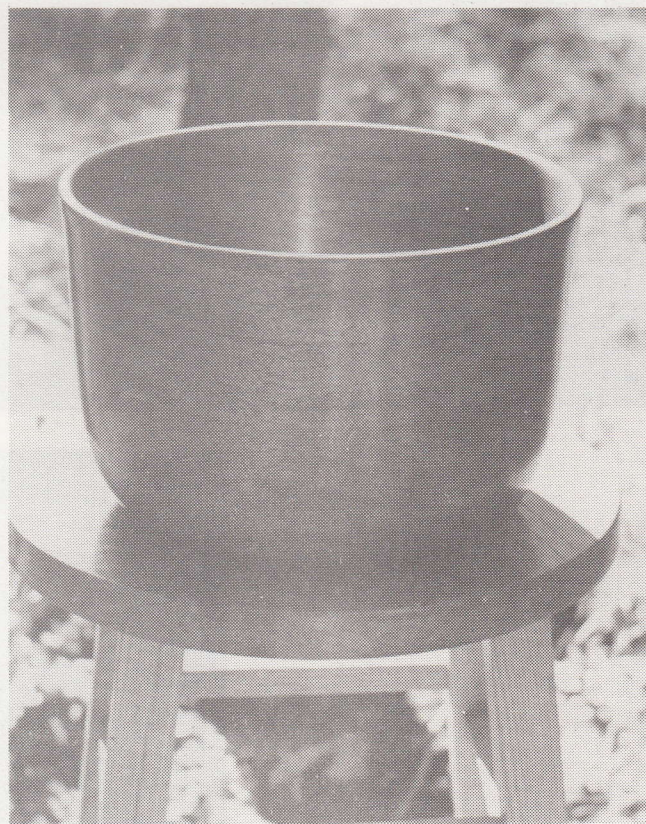
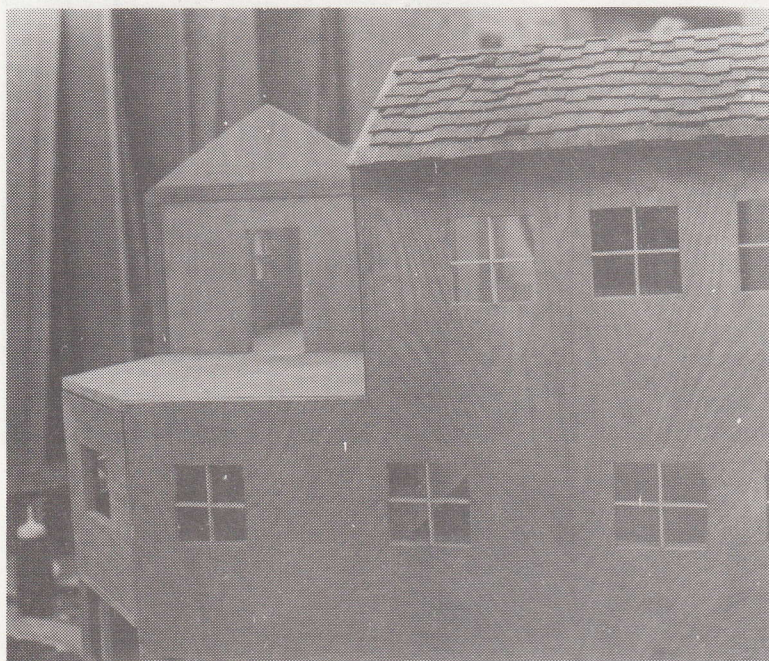
Mother of a wide variety of projects, the Wood Shop has turned out such popular creations as cutting boards, tables, chairs, and bowls, as well as the more unusual doll houses, musical instruments, puppets, and sculptures. In accomplishing these projects, campers have attained the skills necessary to safely operate the equipment utilized in the shop.

Assisting the campers in their endeavors is a devoted and knowledgeable staff of ten. The counselors, Dan, George, Lisa, and Neil, are responsible for the success of the Wood Shop this summer. Their expertise in woodcraft has inspired all who have participated in the shop's activities. Aiding this creative quartet is a dynamic and loyal group of CIT's. Andy, Bob, Gary, Jane, Mike, and Naomi, have greatly contributed to the shop through their artistic abilities, fun-loving attitudes, and undying wit!

All in all, Wood Shop 1980 has maintained its high standard of quality in all aspects.

Jane Gottlieb
Naomi Grabel





TENNIS

Each summer tennis becomes a more popular sport at Buck's Rock. This summer a large number of campers participated in the tennis program, ranging from beginners to advanced players. The five counselors who headed tennis offered lessons all day, organized inter-camp and intra-camp tournaments, and coached the team during matches against Kent, Birchwood, and Kenmont.

The 1980 Buck's Rock tennis team has done very well this summer, finishing with a 4-1 record. Buck's Rock is known as a creative and noncompetitive camp, but the tennis team members have shown that there is an abundance of athletic ability in camp. The girls' team did an exceptional job, and ended the season undefeated. The team went out of camp with positive attitudes, knowing that if we lost, Carvel would cushion our defeat. As a team member, I would like to give a special thanks to Rich Benson for all his help, kindness, patience, and support for the team and the tennis program.

When I arrived at the courts for my first lesson of the summer, I was a bit hesitant. Whenever I take a lesson somewhere new the teacher always tries to change my grip, strategy, or strokes. Well, we first went over my forehand and volley, and everything was great. Then came my backhand. After all of the corrections were made I gave the new stroke a try. Fear of learning a new backhand filled my mind, but after fifteen minutes of practice I already saw some improvement. Now, at the end of the summer I see that the instructors have really helped, and that even after only one lesson at the courts, progress can be made.

Next summer I hope there is an even larger turn-out for tennis. The atmosphere, mild but pleasurable competition, counselors, and helpful attitude can encourage a beginner to improve and enjoy the sport of tennis. So raquets back, keep your eye on the ball, and take a level swing as we look forward to another great summer of tennis.

Elissa Cohen



NOTES FROM THE FIRST HALF OF THE

SUMMER

Farm: When I first went to the farm I didn't think I would like it. After Lorenzo gave me a pail and a row of stringbeans to pick, it was not so bad. I got a nice suntan and ate some of the beans. I did half a row with Mike Wisniewski, and was so tired from bending down and picking that I could not do any more.

Auto Mechanics: Every morning at nine o'clock, I helped Konnie Lenninger check the oil, water, and brake fluid in the camp cars. The strangest thing I helped him fix was an old rusted motor scooter that was lying outside the back of the Wood Shop. The first things he did was take out the spark plugs and clean them, because they were full of dirt and grease. After he cleaned the plugs he put them in the bike, but it still didn't start. He took off the muffler, and burned all the carbon out of it. After it was clean he put it back on and it worked.

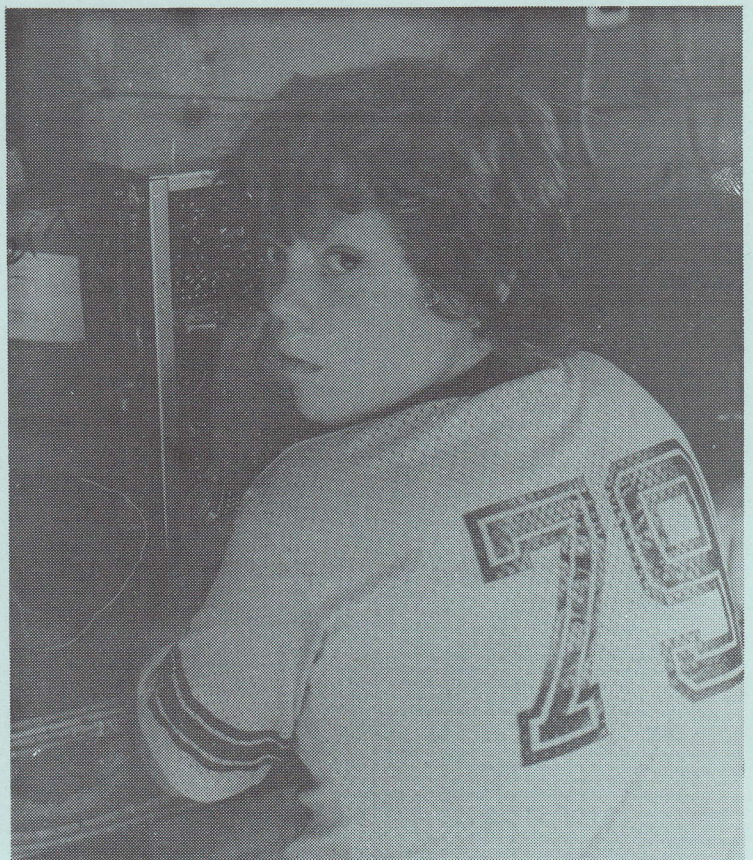
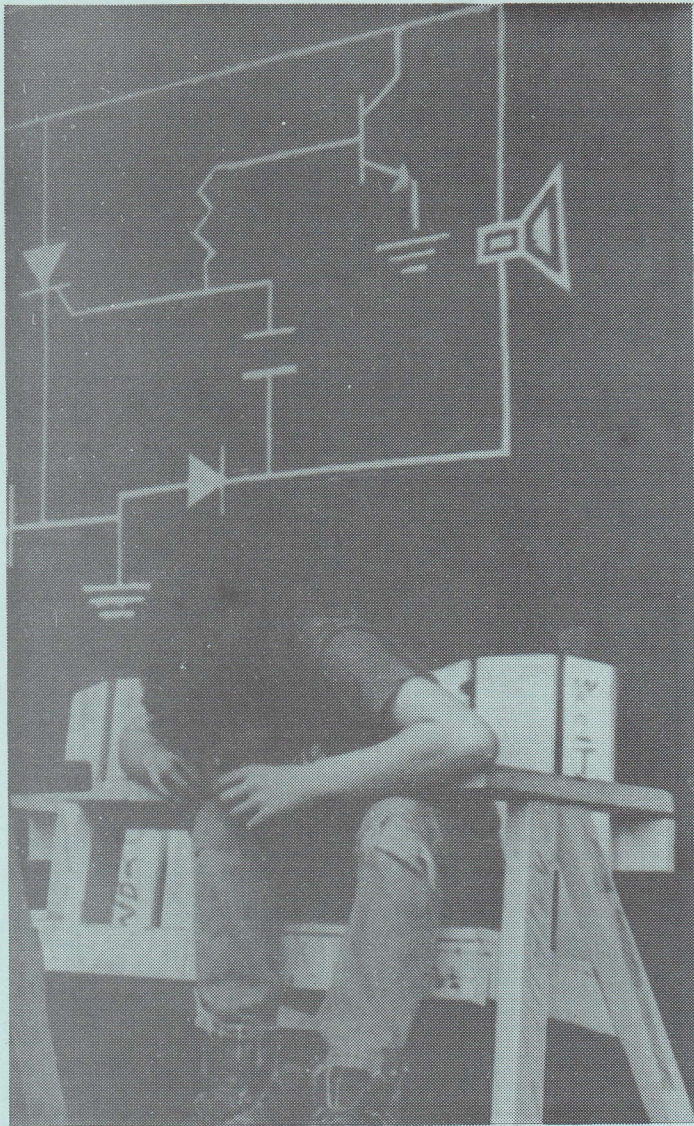
Publications: Whenever I went to Publications, the time went by really fast, because they were really busy with the magazines. They were also showing people how to work machines -- the Gestefax, the strip printer, the offset printer -- as well as writing stories and poems. My favorite thing in the Publications Shop was trying the different machines.

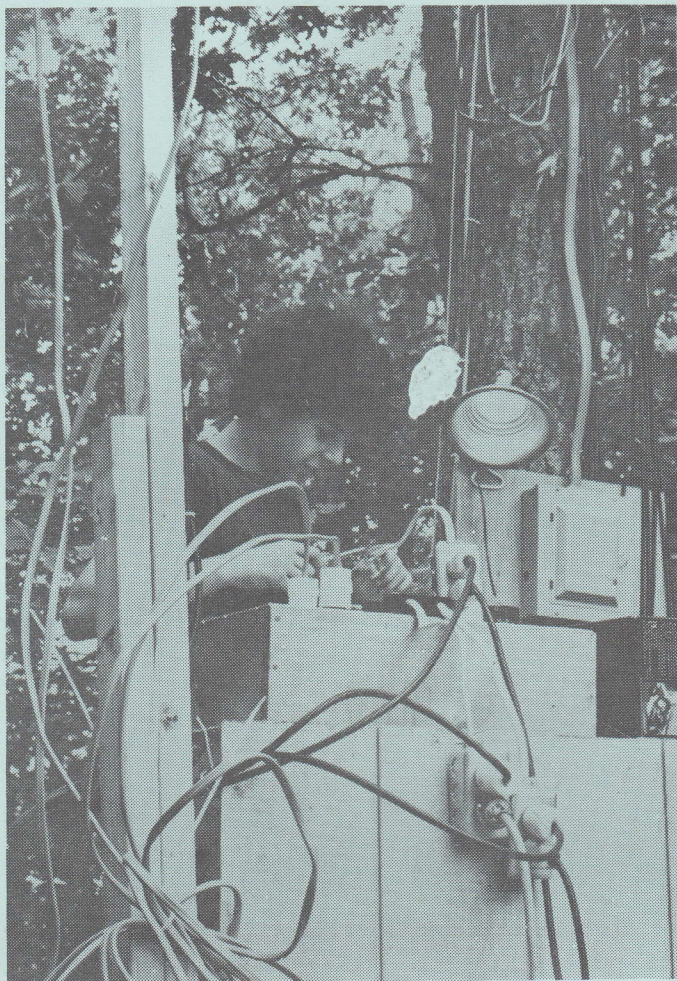
Wood Shop: When I walked into the Wood Shop, I had no idea of what I was going to make. Neil Beaumont gave me some ideas, and I decided on a footstool, so I could put my feet up when I watch TV. But, there were a lot of other things being made, like tables, chairs, and anything else you can think of making out of wood.

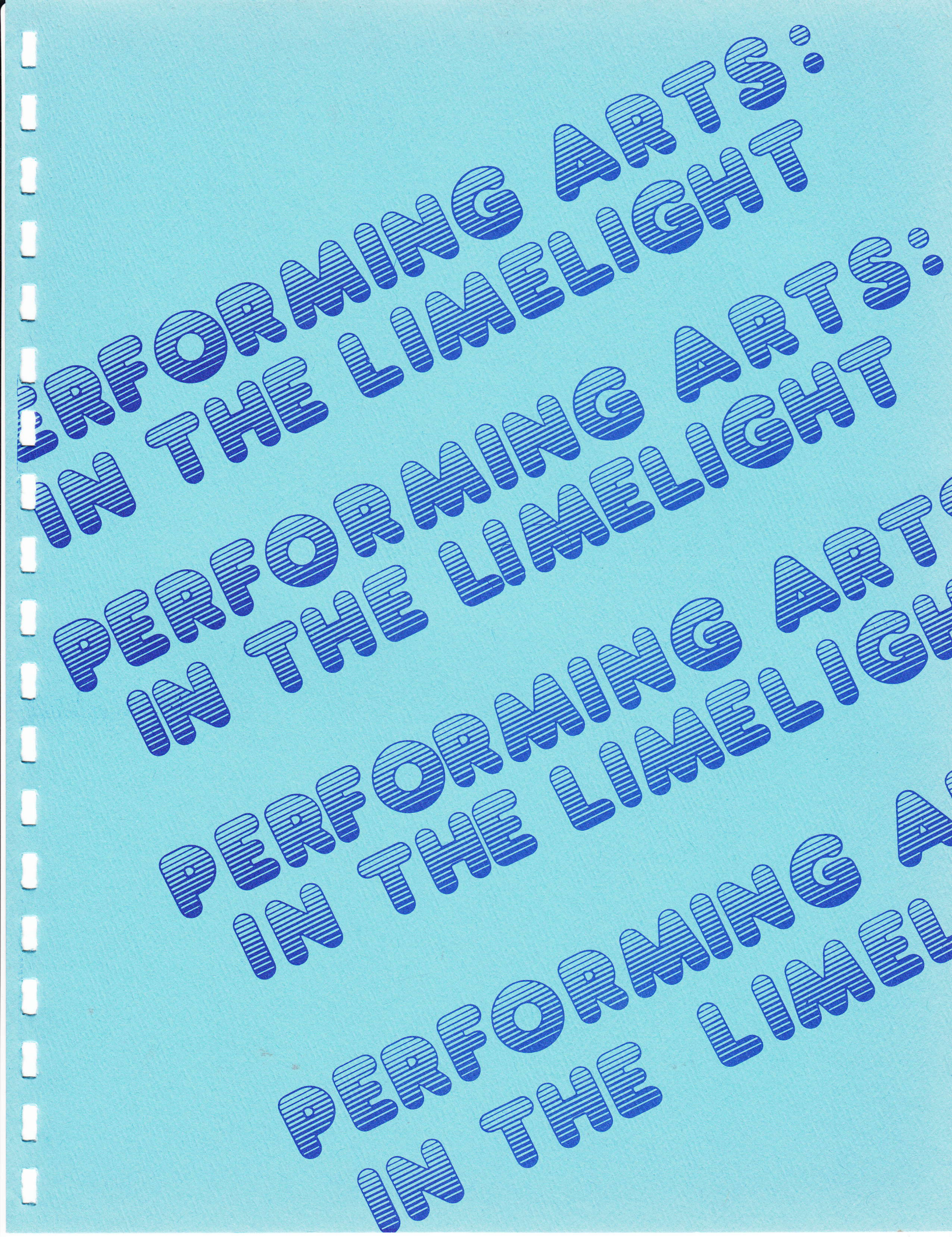
Fencing: Fencing is really a different kind of sport, because you have to stay in different positions, which is very tiring. You start out fencing with a bullseye target on the wall. I learned how to hold a foil. You put your thumb on the top, and it rests on your fingers. When you stab the target, you lift your arm up and forward, and then pull back right away.

One good thing about this camp is whenever you want to sit on the grassy hill, or take a walk on the country road, feeling the wind, looking at the trees and birds, you can and nobody will say a thing -- which is a very good feeling.

-- Steven Edelstein







PERFORMING ARTS:
IN THE LIMELIGHT

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IN THE LIMELIGHT

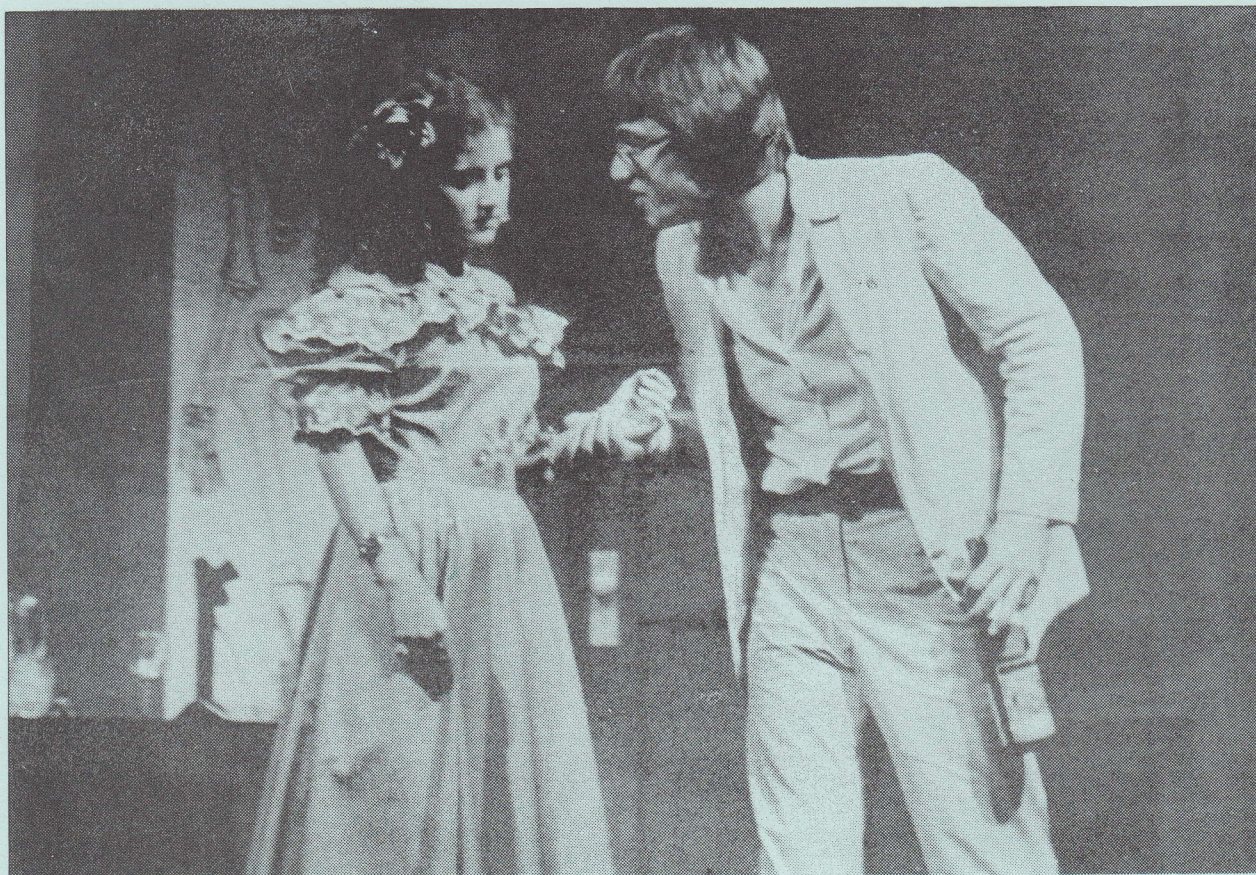
PERFORMING ARTS:
IN THE LIMELIGHT

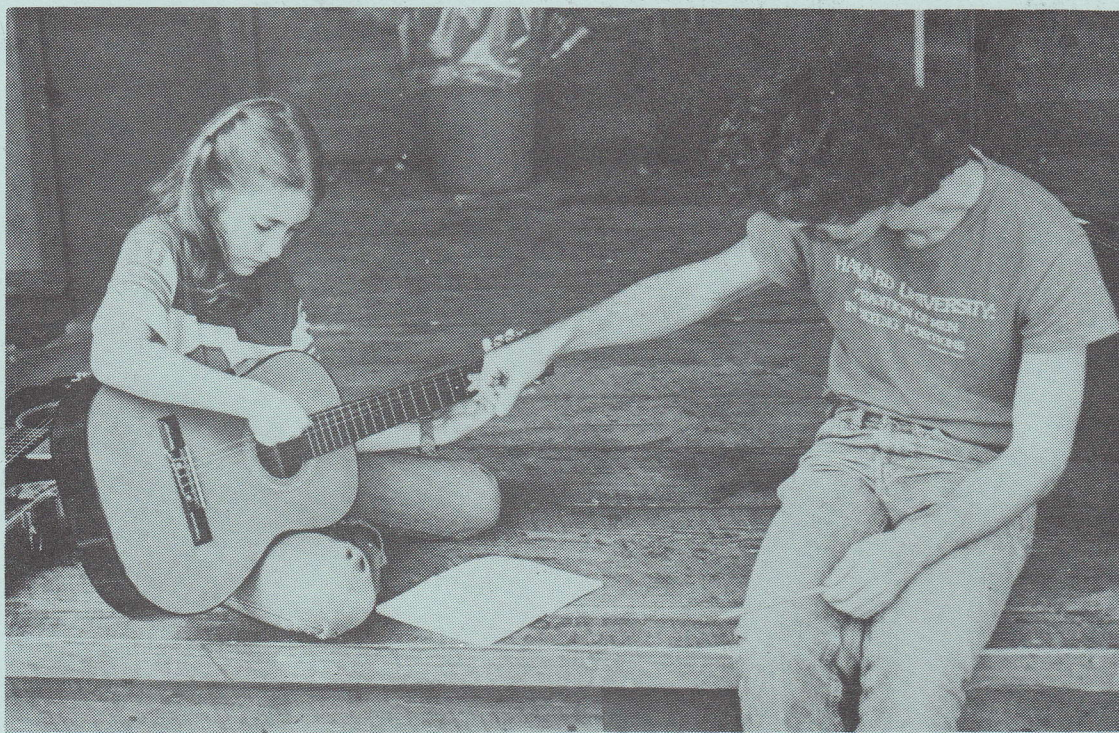
PERFORMING ARTS:
IN THE LIMELIGHT

PERFORMING ARTS:
IN THE LIMELIGHT

A performance is, by nature, temporal. When a performance draws to a close all that remains is the memory. Unfortunately, in time it becomes increasingly difficult to recall memories. The performing arts gallery recalls performances, whether entertaining, colorful, banal, magical, satirical, or philosophical.

Certain qualities are indicative of a true performer. Performers are persistent. It takes much preparation before they are ready to confront an audience. "Practice makes perfect" is one of the truest cliches. Performers have stamina. True performers devote all of their energy and imagination to the creation of a performance. Most of all, performers have character. The ability to relate certain pertinent facets of personality in performance draws and maintains the attention of an audience. Without character, all of the practice in the world won't make performance an art. The performing arts gallery serves as a passageway to the past, a byway to the memories of the many talented performers who entertained the Buck's Rock community in the summer of 1980. The following pages were incorporated into the gallery to evoke memories of those special people.







THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

In 1979 the new head of the music department came to Buck's Rock. Michael Lirtzman is now spending his second summer here and loves everything about it.

He feels that what differentiates Buck's Rock from other camps is that it allows each individual to experiment with his own abilities in a no-pressure situation.

One reason Mike's two summers here have been so successful is that he loves and enjoys this camp very much, which makes it more desirable for him to work toward making it better.

"I have spent seventeen summers in camps, and outside of certain physical facilities like swimming pools, etc., I don't consider this camp to be second to any other camp in any way." he says about Buck's Rock.

In his two years here, Mike has made quite a few changes in the music program. For one thing, before last year, rock music was not an official activity at this camp. There was a conflict arising from the fact that some counselors objected to the amount of noise generated by the music.

Last summer, Mike started an activity at the Music Shed which was a first in Buck's Rock's history: an organized, official production involving strictly rock music by the Beatles. The production was called "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" and its performance added an exciting new flavor to Buck's Rock's music program.

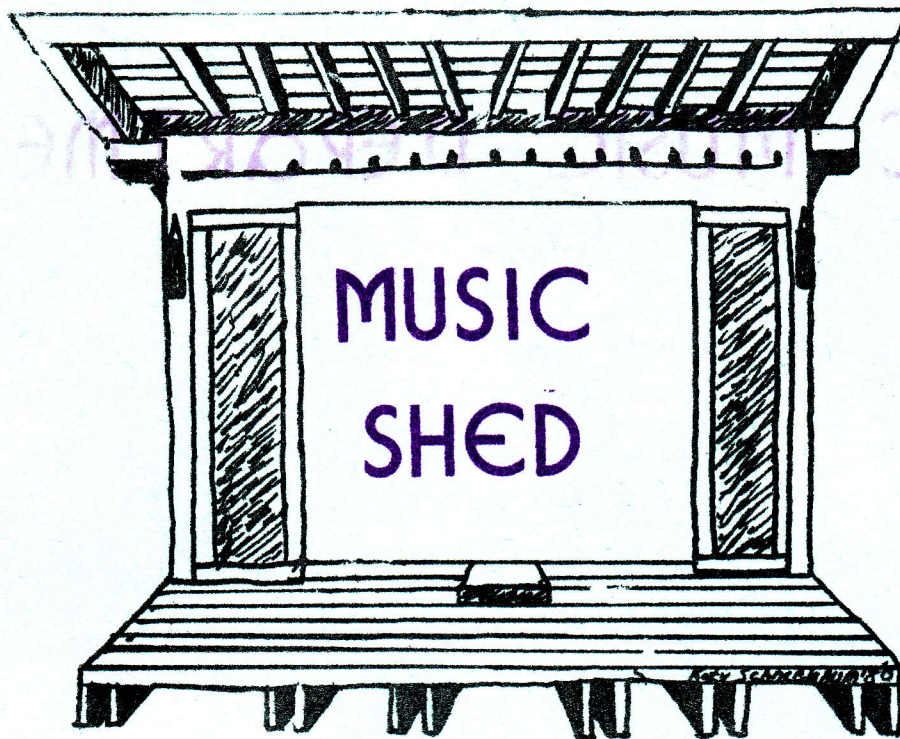
There is no Sgt. Pepper this year. Instead, there is a similar group called "The Flower Children". They are a group of campers who learn, practice, and perform songs from the sixties. This summer they are putting on "Hair".

Thus, over the past two summers, rock music has become an important element in the music program here, and so far has been an enormous success.

Another new idea Mike hopes to try next year is to combine the talents of the summer theatre and the music department to put on a musical. This too has never been done at Buck's Rock, so he intends to set a new precedent next summer.

Change, and efforts toward bigger and better things are important for every environment, and Michael Lirtzman is working to make the music program at Buck's Rock the very best it can be.

Rachel Lirtzman



The 1980 Buck's Rock Music Department summer was outstanding when compared with recent years. The Buck's Rock Philharmonic (commonly referred to as the BuRP) ended the year with a repertoire which included many complicated pieces of music. Rehearsing 3 times a week, the BuRP performed works at all 3 summer concerts, such as Lohengrin, West Side Story, The Great Gate of Kiev, Russian Sailors Dance, Suite from Peer Gynt, and many more. The Chamber Orchestra, a smaller group composed mostly of string players, played pieces a little more advanced, such as Country Gardens. Both orchestras were well received at the concerts.

The Chorus, led by Mattie Banzhaf, was also an important part of the music department. They performed such pieces as Finale for Midsummer Night's Dream and The Hippopotamus Song. For their last performance they did an excellent job of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana."

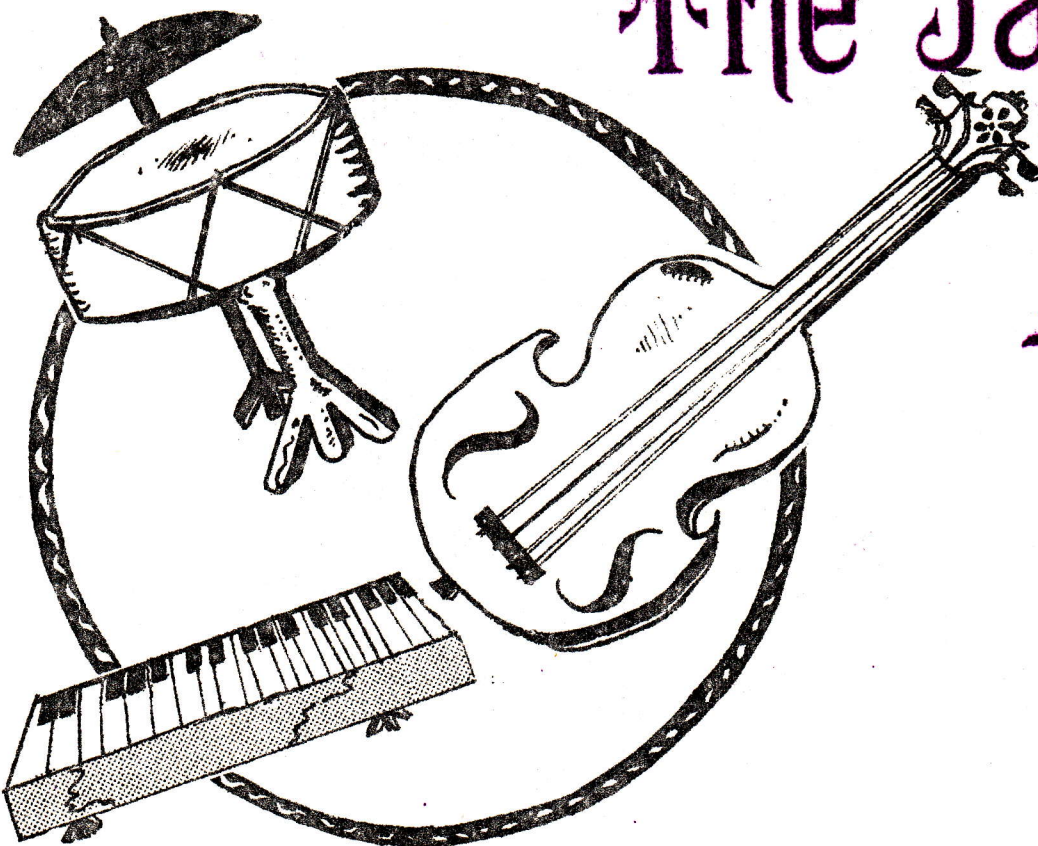
Another popular group in the Music department was the Flower Children. Led by Michael Lirtzman, they performed at various concerts, singing songs of the sixties. For their final production they did the musical "Hair," which was a great success. In fact, it was such a success that two performances were held.

The Razzle-Dazzle Jazz Band, led by Alex Brofsky and Brian Hysong, was also a smashing success. They played various pieces from Steely Dan and Chuck Mangione as well as other less renowned jazz pieces.

All of the groups had numerous rehearsals for their many concerts. After hours and hours of hard work, sometimes ending in anger and frustration, all the groups performed spectacularly.

Danny Simon

The Jazz Band



"One, two, ready, cook!" sounds the familiar count, as the Jazz Band prepares to "burn." The Jazz Band played from 11:00 to 12:00 every day except Wednesday, under the over patient and skillful direction of the resident nudges, Alex Brovsky and Brian Hysong.

Jazz Band was not only practice, practice, practice, but also a place to have fun. It was an hour to get out your aggressions through playing your instrument. You could even play one key higher than the rest of the band and not be noticed for half the practice! When the Jazz Band would "get it all together," however, we would "razzle dazzle." Hence, we were known as the "Razzle Dazzle Jazz Band."

Throughout the summer the Jazz Band (as it was referred to, when referred to at all) played the exciting music of Steely Dan, Chuck Mangione, and Fern Hockdorfer the III. With directors like Alex and Brian it's a wonder we didn't play music from the T.V. show "Mr. Ed."

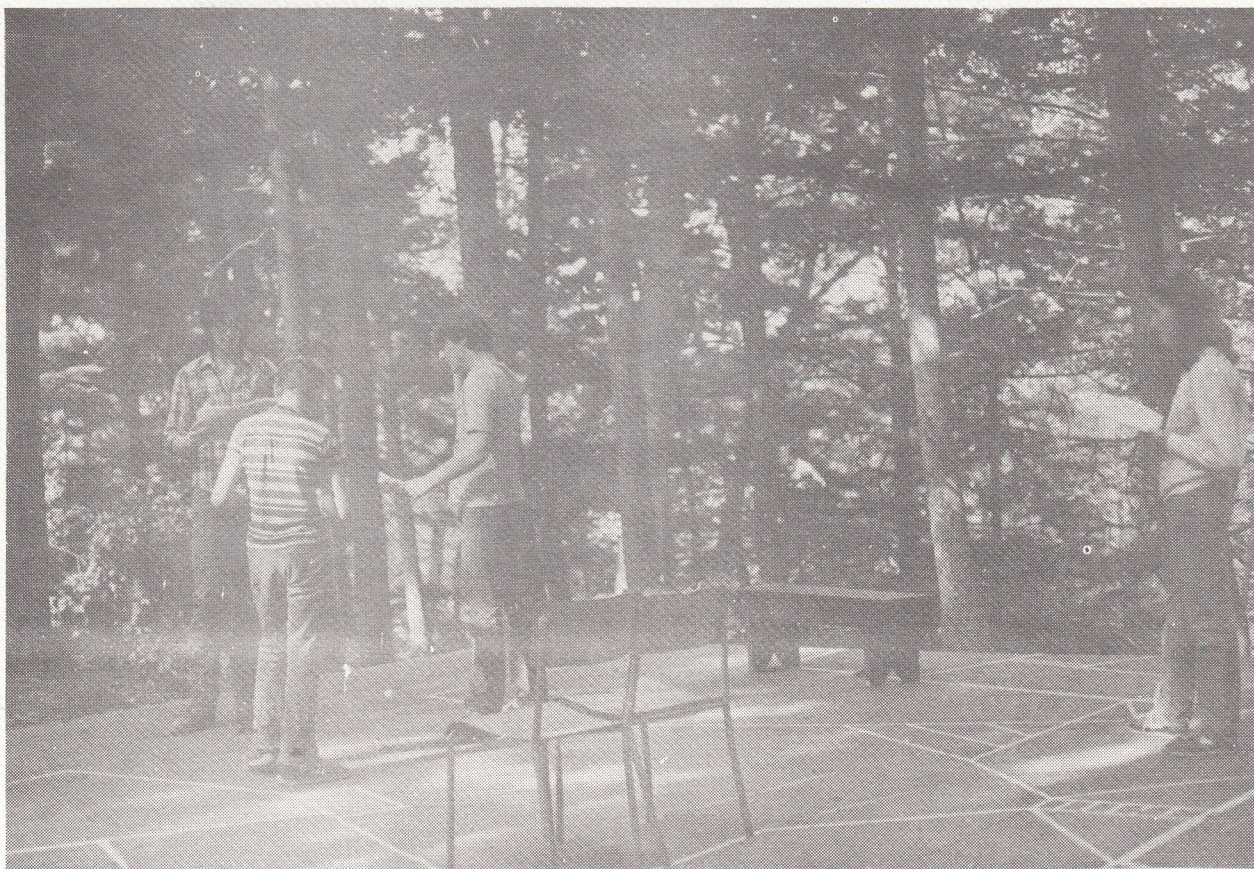
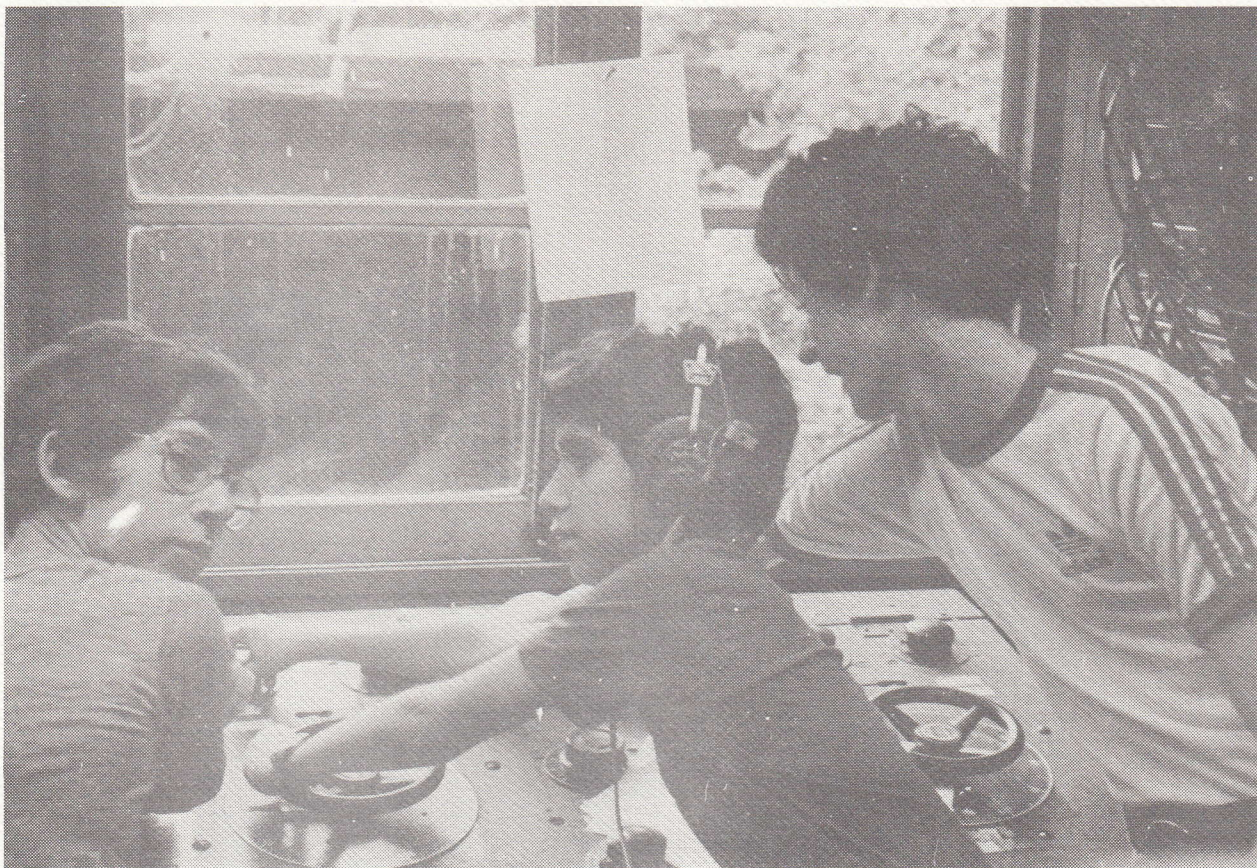
All kidding aside, even though comic relief was such a big part of the band, I think we were all glad to have joined the Jazz Band. There's nothing like playing with the best Jazz of Buck's Rock.

Rafy Orenstein

The Jazz
Band







TECHNICAL THEATRE

When I go to a theatre and see a play, I watch the actors and actresses synthesize emotion and dialogue to convey a thought, image, or emotion. While watching this play, I also find myself concerned with the appearance of the sets, lighting, and sound. All these components combine to reflect the moods of the play and give the play a time and place.

The sets stand idle, symbolic of the time spent designing and building them. A good set can improve a bad play, and a bad set can ruin a good one.

While the sets give a time and place to the play, lighting and sound add to the life and feeling of that same play. As with sets, the quality of the lighting and sound can improve or ruin a scene, and for that matter, a whole play. One thing, however, that lighting and sound do not receive is the attention or concern they deserve. Very often I sit in a play and take for granted all the technical aspects of theatre.

A good example of the way that sets and lighting can work together was evident in the second production of this summer, Summer and Smoke. The angel on top of the rocky hill in the center of the stage was first built in the shop behind the stage, out of plywood, foam, and fabric and all painted grey. The angel was then put on the set, high in the center of the stage, and several lights were aimed and focused at the angel. When a scene required emphasis on this symbolic angel, the lights could be turned on and the angel seen clearer. Without the lights, the angel seemed dark and dreary, and all the artistry would have gone to waste.

Here at Buck's Rock, the sets, lighting, and sound are given as much attention as is given to the acting. Bob Harper spends long hours designing the sets, and Dave and Helaine help Bob translate his mechanical drawings into platforms, falts, and various decorations that make a good set. Up at the lighting and sound booth, Mike and Eric work off the scenery design and script of the play to hang, aim, focus and gel (put color filters over the light) lights as well as find appropriate sound recordings and effects to make the sound cues often needed in a performance. In addition, Mandy, our property mistress, spends a lot of time going through catalogues and thrift shops to salvage old furniture and things that can be used as props. Good time is spent making new things look old, and old things look new.

Although the technical talk may sound unattractive, there are many campers and staff who wouldn't agree with that. Why else would we have such a large, enthusiastic staff?

Larry Gutterman

Folk Music

One day, as I walked across the lawn, I noticed a private lesson being given and decided to sit and watch. I sat and witnessed the process of learning. One part of this process that I observed was the steadiness and depth of both the instructor's and student's concentration. Almost more important than the song being taught was the practice in concentration.

The folk music department's greatest contributions to Buck's Rock are the lessons it gives privately. These forty-five minute to an hour spaces of time give both student and teacher the opportunity to focus very intensely on a musical lyric or song. The purpose of the individual lesson is to draw the student to a very focused attention. It is after these private lessons that students can participate more intelligently in the larger workshops at Buck's rock.

When one looks at a student's progress over the summer it is evident in both the particular songs he/she has mastered, and in how well he/she can tune in to the lesson by concentrating. Although the folk music department organizes concerts and camp-fire sing-a-longs, the most sought-after activities led by this department are the workshops and individual lessons.

Although most of the lessons concentrate on songs, practice in reading and theory is also available. Since the department has no building to work from, lessons are usually given on the lawn outside. Concerts and workshops are actually two parts of one activity; usually a performer comes to Buck's Rock and gives a workshop the afternoon before or the morning after a concert. The workshops this year featured such talented musicians as Orrin Starr and Roy Bookbinder.

The instruments taught are banjo, guitar, pennywhistle, bass, and mandolin. Although this department is called the Folk Music Department, folk music isn't the only music taught. This year we had lessons in Classical Music, Rock and Roll, Jazz, Bluegrass, Traditional music, and many others.

Remey Smith

Dance Night

1980

Dance Night has been a large production at Buck's Rock in the past, and this year was no exception. It takes a lot of work to produce a performance like Dance Night, and each dancer and choreographer went through a long process of perfecting the work before we all made it to Saturday, August 9th.

When we began rehearsing for Dance Night, several weeks ago, our dances were merely glimpses of movements in our minds. We started to choreograph steps, forget them, and choreograph new ones. We taught our dances to others. We fought over rehearsal time in the Dance Studio. We became frustrated. We met our deadlines (almost) and began to think about costumes. We decided on costume designs, changed our minds once, twice, went back to our original costumes.

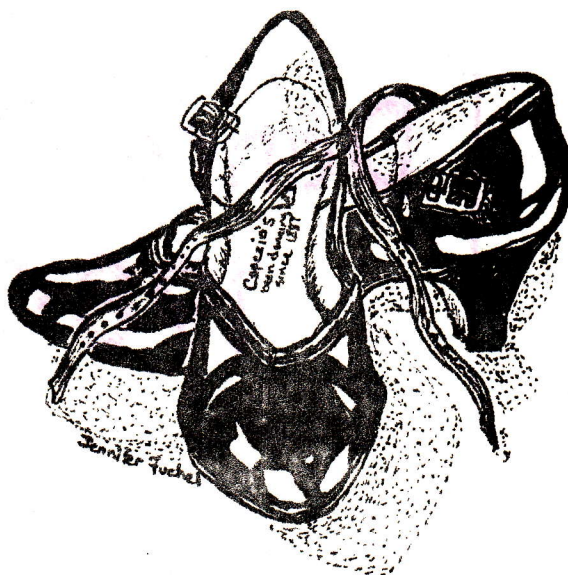
Finally "Tech Week" arrived. Our dances became more polished, our movements more unified. Slowly, our music came together, then lighting, then costumes and makeup. We learned to sit together nervously in the costume shop, knitting, weaving, or reading and writing. We helped each other, cried together, yelled at each other, and grew together as individuals and as a group.

No one will forget our first big runthrough in the midst of a violent thunderstorm, with the lighting striking the light poles. Nor will anyone forget our first lighting runthrough, which lasted past midnight. But we made it, together. Dance Night was the culmination of weeks of practice, work, and fun. It was the pinnacle of our summer as dancers.

We hope you enjoyed watching Dance Night 1980 as much as we enjoyed performing in it.

Susan Roth

DANCE



"Stretch, two, three, four," is something you are likely to hear when passing the dance studio. All of the dance classes this summer have dealt with stretching every part of the body. We, the dance teachers, have been trying to get everyone to know and have control over their bodies.

Most of the campers coming to the Dance Studio this summer had very little previous dance training, so we tried to give everyone an idea of how loose you can be while still having control over all of your movements. The studio itself helps because it is such a serene place that it makes you want to let loose.

Ruth Alpert, who is spending her first summer at Buck's Rock, is the head of the dance department. She has brought many new ideas on dance to Buck's Rock. Ruth has switched the emphasis from technique to correct body placement and alignment. This is taught in her Stretch and Placement class. In addition, there are modern dance classes, also taught by Ruth.

Anya Lenc is the ballet counselor. Although she is used to the rigidity of The Royal Academy of Dance in London, she has learned to relax and teach a very good basic ballet class.

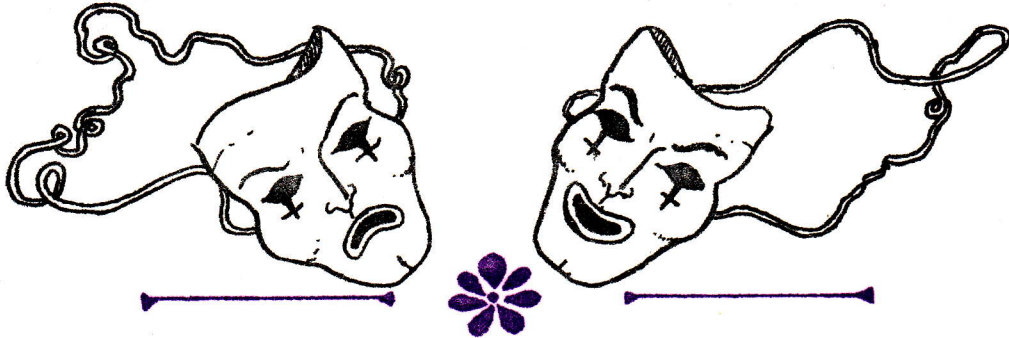
Kathy Harper started the summer teaching a very exciting jazz class. But as things got busy in the Actors' Studio (which she is in charge of), Marion Kass and I took over.

The best part of going to a dance class is the feeling you are left with afterwards. You can enter a class early in the morning totally dead to the world and leave with a feeling of exuberance. When you leave you know that all of the sweating was worthwhile.

All of the summer's hard work paid off when we heard the applause of Dance Night. For the teachers, the experience of seeing someone leap across the stage who had at the beginning of the summer said "I can't dance," was the most rewarding part of the summer.

Suzy Finkel

~Summer Theatre~



When you go to auditions you are unsure, even scared as you walk half-heartedly onto the stage. Todd, the director, asks you to read a part you don't want, and you read it coarsely, without rhythm. Your throat tightens and you're not sure whether to move around or not. Then he gives you another part to read. Getting a role seems unlikely. You keep finding your character changed. Todd tries to reassure everyone by saying,

"I wish we could have two casts because then I could take everybody."

You leave, sure you weren't cast. That night you walk down to the bird house sighing, and convinced you're not on the cast list. As you move your finger to the bottom of the list, you get depressed, thinking at least you didn't lose anything by trying out. Just as you are about to walk away you see your name. You got a part! Not the one you wanted, but a part nevertheless. You start going to rehearsals, and sit around for an hour or two while people read their lines. Finally you get to read your lines, and then sit around for the rest of the pages. Just when the scene is over and you're about to leave Todd says "We're going to do it again."

This goes on for weeks. You start to think that maybe it's a waste of time and it won't work. But you stick it out until the night of the performance finally arrives. The set is finished, you know your lines, and you have walked through the play so many times you know it by heart. You're about to walk on stage when you notice you are perspiring.

Your stomach tightens and your throat gets dry. When you walk onto the stage you're scared. As you look into the audience and start speaking, however, the uneasiness goes away. You go through your lines, walk through your blocking. Then the lights go down and the music fades out. As the audience applauds you know that all your time and effort was well spent.

Jacob Sadowsky



SUMMER THEATER

Acting in a Summer Theater production is a unique and rewarding experience. The challenge of learning a role is magnified by the brevity of the rehearsal period. The work is intense. During the two or three weeks between auditions and the actual performance, the actors are buried in a frenzied world of rehearsals, costume fittings, and lines to be memorized. The commitment is a major one, but the results make it worthwhile.

Preparing a role is a difficult but rewarding task. Every performer comes to the realization, at some point, that there is a great deal more to acting than the mere recitation of lines accompanying appropriate gestures and expressions. Discovering a character requires a tremendous amount of thought and analysis. The next step is more difficult. The actor must find within himself the motives, energies, and dominant qualities of the character he is portraying. The inner life, the "character motives," must then be coordinated with the lines and blocking. Relationships with other characters must be developed and familiarity with costumes and sets must be cultivated.

Staying "in character" while worrying about projection, not smudging make-up and ignoring the bright stage lights is a formidable task. At times, the entire process seems impossible. With enough thought and work, however, the actor can achieve his goal of creating a living, credible human being.

There is a magic involved in performing. The presence of an audience creates a nervous energy and excitement that helps to bring out the best each performer can achieve. The actors have to balance both an awareness and an ignorance of the audience's presence. The experience of understanding and creating a character is both emotionally exhausting and exhilarating. The preparation and performance of a role is what any real art is - a process of self-discovery.



Laurie J. Gould



Costuming



The costume shop, situated behind the stage of the Summer Theater, is possibly the shop with the most demands put upon it. Not only do most of the costumers dress all the cast members in each of the three plays (which comes to about sixty people in all) but they must costume both No Talent Nights, Renaissance Night, Actors Studio productions, Dress-up Day, Vaudville Night, Festival, and all other occasions in which costumes are needed.

Who could possibly handle making, washing, and repairing costumes, organizing the entire storage room on the side of the shop, taking care of the dressing rooms, and matching the costume designs with the period involved? Jenny Akhurst, Lorna Bailey, and Barbara Miller are the remarkable threesome who handle these jobs.

I spoke to these three and they explained the procedure for getting costumes together for an event. First, the staff of the Summer Theater meet to discuss the set designs, colors, and lighting, and the historical period involved in a given production. Then the costumers look through books, magazines, and the cast itself to determine the look and size of each outfit. If they don't have a certain costume on hand, they go to Danbury and search the thrift and fabric shops for the right things. Whatever can't be found is made.

For Tiger At The Gates, all the costumes are being made from scratch, with the assistance of the fabric and batik shops. Although none of our costume staff costume professionally, they all sew, and in their own words costuming is just "fun sewing." So next time you're behind the stage, stop by the costume shop and say hello. And next time you're in the audience, think about the kind of preparation and energy that went into every part of the production--and the costumes!

Ray Jasen

Sometimes a play will go perfectly, and come off without a hitch; the casting will be just right, there will be no animosity between the actors, lines and blocking will be known ahead of time, directors will be in complete control of the cast, rehearsals will go as smooth as a baby's bottom, and the performance will be flawless.

Yeah. Right. Tell me about it.

I knew something wasn't quite right when I saw my name on the call-back list. To clumsily paraphrase Groucho Marx, "I wouldn't want to see any play which would have me as an actor." Nonetheless, with great trepidation, I entered the Rec Hall and got down to work.

Personal (and probably imaginary) problems aside, it was evident from the beginning that the play was going to be fine. The script, Paul McCoy's Stranger in the Night, was so full of definite characters, and the actors so full of individuality, that there was no way the performances could become dull and bland.

As the play was little more than a hokey forties melodrama (turned somehow by the directors into a hokey sixties melodrama), and as the characters lacked any real emotional depth, the actors portrayed not so much characters as stereotypes. Joanne Reiter's loud, obnoxious portrayal of Marcella Bender, the exercise instructor, was a cross between Julia Child and Jack La Lane. Jeff Salamon's performance was equally strange; playing the cowardly, stupidly stubborn Eddie Beach as an energetic cynic was a masterstroke that could only be appreciated by someone who deviated from the path of normal thought to take on the laborious job of taking a major role in a play while being a C.I.T. in Pub during yearbook week. If one were to call Jeff's performance a case of character assassination, then Eric Weiss's well-defined portrayal of rich old J.T. Rutledge must be seen as being finely executed. Anika Peress came to the play very late, but managed to give a flighty, naive performance as Mable Crane. Cheryl Rosenfeld managed to break through her self-admitted lack of acting experience and intelligence to depict Velda Stevens in a very open and honest manner. Using her effortlessly expressive voice and face to great advantage, Lean Shacter couldn't miss with her sensible yet fragile portrayal of Sylvia Lee. Sylvia's lover, reporter Grant Terry was played in a calm, assuring manner by Actor's Studio veteran Eric Edelstein. Diane Debrovner, another veteran of the Buck's Rock stage, was overly convincing (and probably typecast) as the bitchy, nosey Nona Pollard. Steve Hartstein, as the repressible Clifford Newkirk, shuttered and stammered with paradoxical conviction. Sylvia Lee's literary agent, Rose Jordan was played by Maxine Pitter, who gave off just the right amount of cactus-like insensitivity to play the part correctly. In a small but pivotal role, Dan Cohen not only brought life to Detective Sam Fisk and his repulsive alter ego, but also discovered certain sexual aspects of his personality he never knew existed before. Female (woman maybe, but certainly not lady) wrestler Sandra King was played by Robin Gallant with all the subtlety of a kick in the teeth. And Ivan Halpern, in his off-stage dramatic debut was persuasive in his cameo role as the man only known as "the policeman".

Of course, the actors didn't do the play all by themselves. They had directors to guide, control and whip them into shape. Laurie Gould and Dina Steinberg were patient when the time called for it, and impatient whenever they felt like it. Having Phil Miller as creative consultant didn't hurt either. Working and striving together, the cast and the directors managed to have a good time, lose a lot of sleep, and have a few laughs. The biggest of which was this article.

Jeff Salamon

The Actor's Studio

Almost a dozen people are sitting in the Actor's Studio (formerly Rec Hall) at nine-thirty in the morning. They are not speaking (but it isn't silent...Bernie's crew of laundry union types are yelling and throwing packages around outside.) Someone is tapping a stick on a bench and someone else, sitting behind them on the bench, is rubbing together two crumpled paper cups. Around them are others, making other noises.

This is a sound-in-the-theater exercise that Kathi Harper gave one morning. After, she explained a little about how they have changed the use of sound in theater, how it's used, and what a sound technician does in a Broadway theater.

But all of the Actor's Studio work isn't lessons on technical theater. Concentration and sense memory lessons were given, and also relaxation and observation. There was some movement for actors -- Erica Babad took basically an exercise and made a skit around it, about eating, smelling, seeing, and other sense memory subjects. Eventually these skits became part of the Actor's Studio Evening.

Also in the Actor's Studio Evening were scenes from the Scene Study classes that Ann Krause taught, from plays by Lanford Wilson, Arthur Miller, Lillian Hellman, and speeches from the master of soliloquys William Shakespeare. At the end of the evening there was a reader's theater production of a one-act play by Glenn Gers called The City Suite. It was a story about seven people who have just graduated from high school and their love triangles, and it was directed by Glenn Gers and Kathi Harper. The cast didn't memorize the lines, but instead carried their scripts on stage. The evening was a success, and the audience (on all three sides of the stage) enjoyed it.

In scene study classes we came in at the start, looked through plays, chose partners, rehearsed and blocked, memorized, and eventually performed scenes. We did exercises in all the classes to get to know each other and ourselves. To start off the season we did two mystery plays, The Spiral Staircase (directed by Ann) and The Patient (directed by Kathi.) The audiences laughed and screamed in all the right places for these melodramas. The final production of the summer, Ups and Downs is a musical about children and learning to be themselves. It promises to be a very good end to the Actor's Studio season.

Albert Ross

Actor's Studio
Mystery Play

"The Patient"

This summer I had the pleasure of being in the Actors' Studio's first play, The Patient, by Agatha Christie. I enjoyed it, especially since I gained experience not only with acting, but with prop design as well. As you remember, I played Mr. Lanssen. His portrayal involved my putting together the machine that was used by the patient in the play. The memorization of my lines was easy--I had them memorized well before the deadline. The blocking was tedious but necessary.

The first week of rehearsals consisted mostly of learning the basic ideas of what to say, where to stand, and how to coordinate the two. The next week was more practice of our lines and blocking. By that time we were all into our parts and could begin working with some of the props.

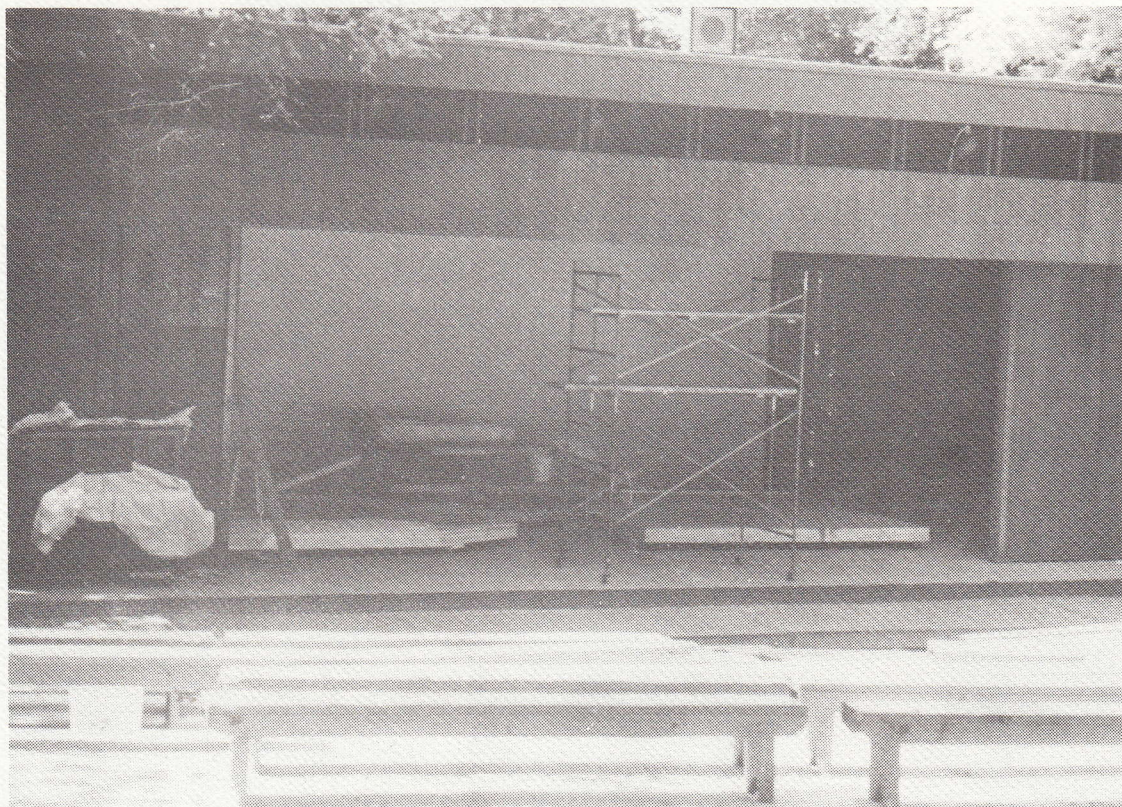
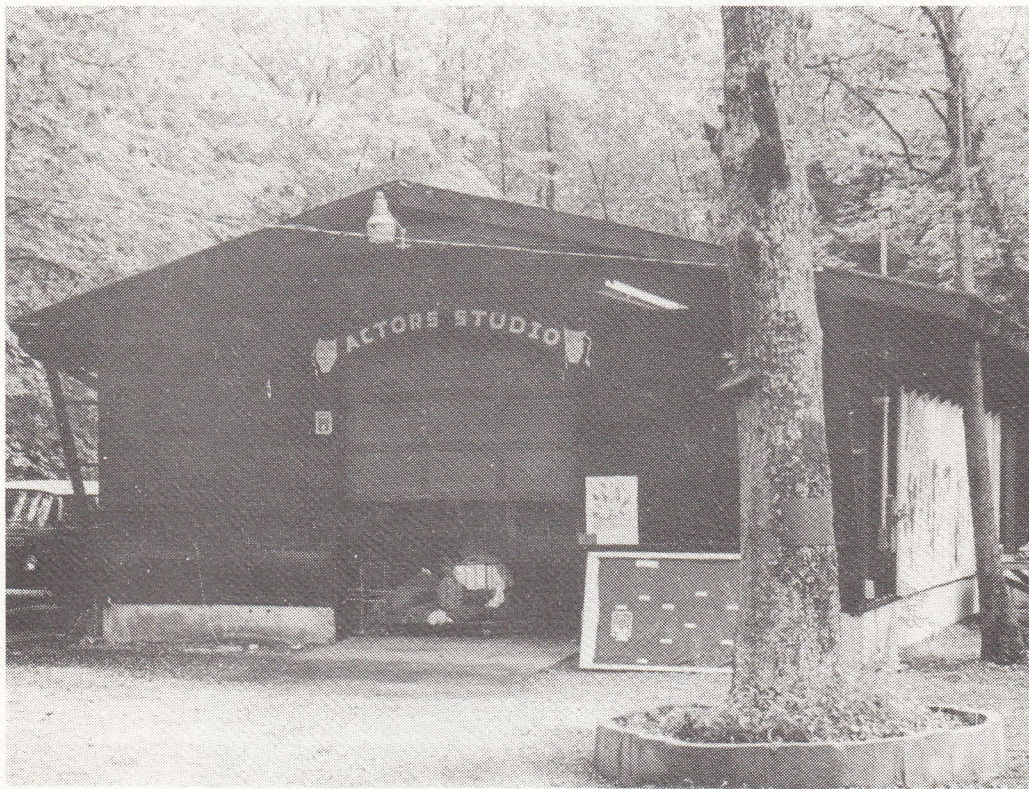
At the beginning of the next week we got out costumes. I had a simple, dirty, practical set of clothes: pants, tie, shirt, shoes. It was then that technical week began. The major props and set were ready, so I began working on the patient's machine.

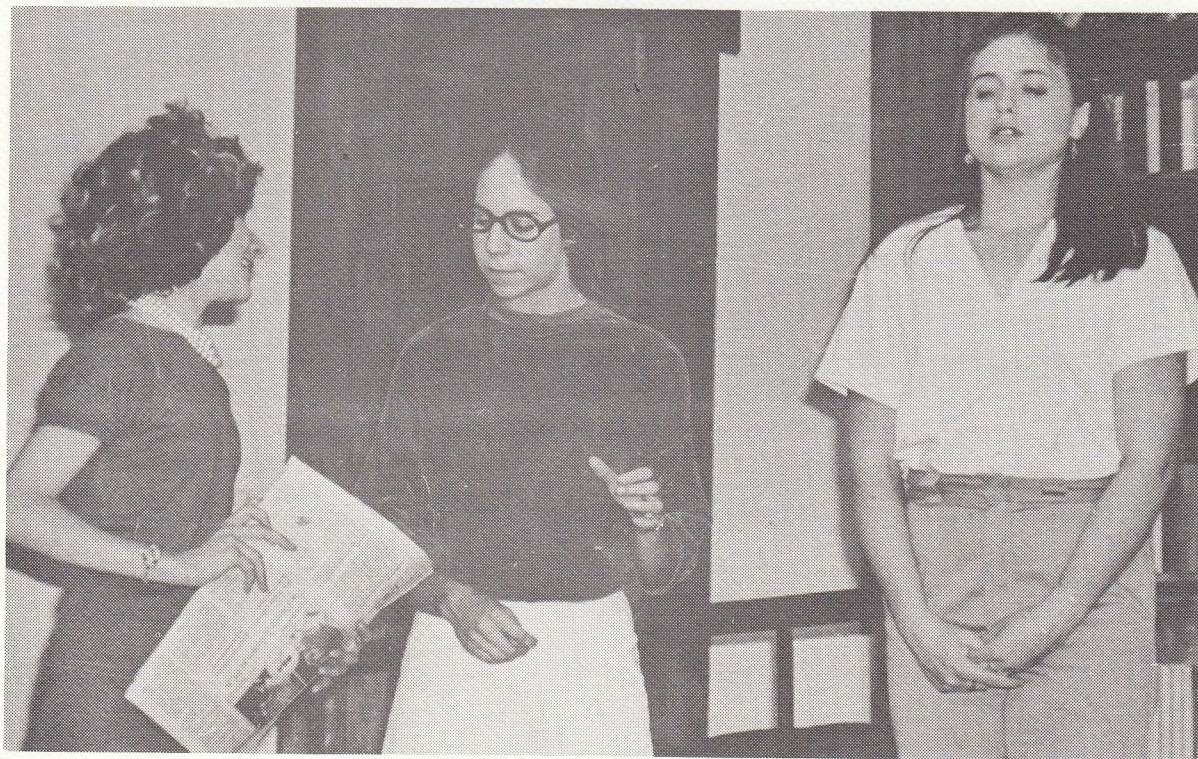
The machine was to be a squat, computer-like gadget with many dials, switches, plugs and wires. Its purpose was to register pressure from a small rubber bulb. I found the bulb electronically unfeasible, so I decided that a small, plastic pressure-sensitive switch would work better. I then set about doing the electrical work necessary. I really learned a lot, or actually, re-learned a lot about making electrical connections, soldering connections, and insulating loose connections. I got only one electrical shock; lucky for me I was wearing rubber shoes at the time. After that I was careful to insulate things twice as well.

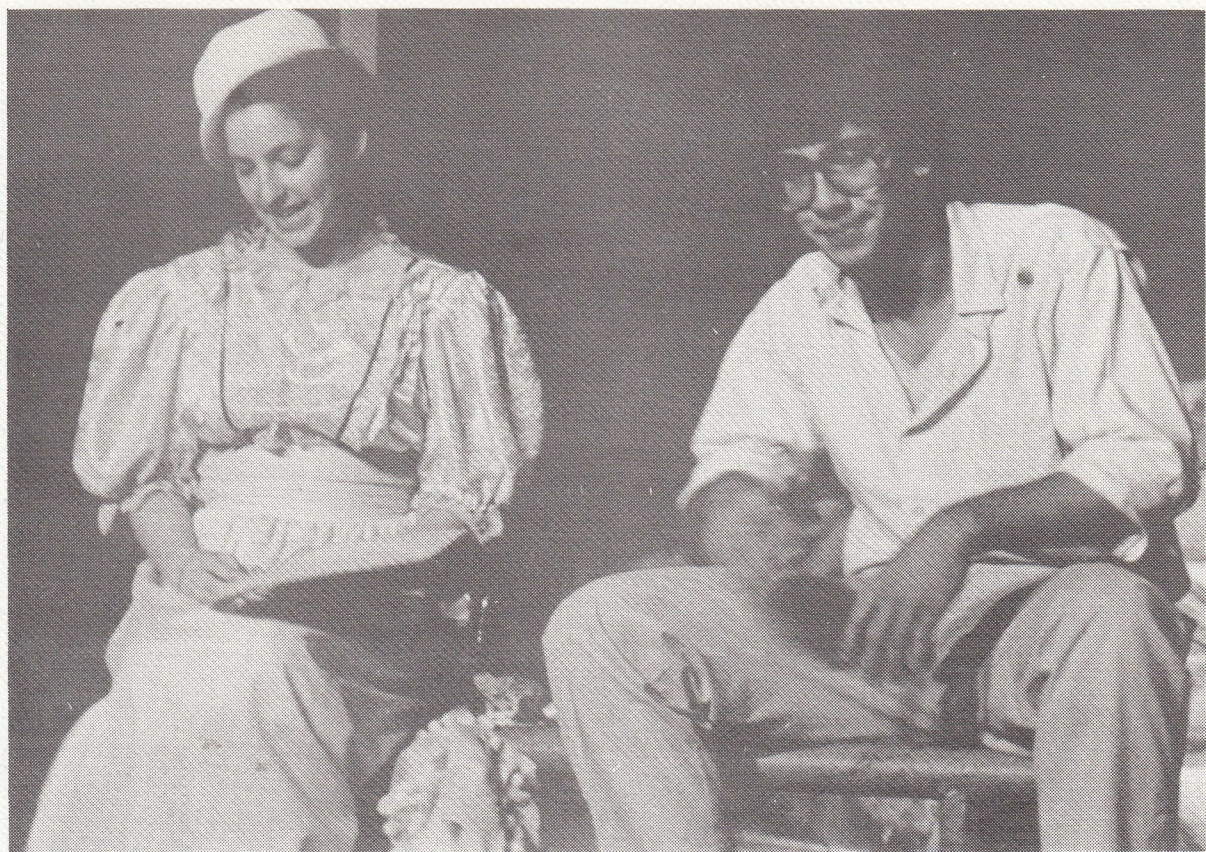
Finally, I completed the machine, and I went about fastening the various panels, switch boards and huge rheostats, thus adding the effect of a formidable piece of machinery.

The last nights of rehearsal went very well. We learned how to put on make-up. With our costumes on, we were ready to do the show. At last the performance came. It went off without a hitch.

Peter A. Daniel









Summer and Smoke

Have you ever known panic, sheer unadulterated panic? Well, that -- plus a large dose of fear -- was what this thespian felt when, four days before opening night of Summer and Smoke, he was roused from his sleep at 12:30 a.m. and told he had been given the lead role.

I had never done a show in less than the normal Summer Theater rehearsal period of two weeks. The director promised me that as long as I adopted a positive attitude about the 300 lines and 70 pages of stage directions I had to learn, there would be no problem. I woke up the next morning with loads of energy (I would need it) and when the work gong tolled, I was on the stage pacing back and forth with the new lines. I just kept trying to develop this all-powerful positive attitude which would pull me through. I spent the morning scratching down stage directions, getting familiar with the cast and set, and trying to keep such words as "impossible" and "lunacy" out of my mind.

After a delicious Buck's Rock luncheon, I was off to the memorization booth (otherwise known as the mail shed, where peace, quiet, and no bugs were to be found.) There, in the next few days, I would mechanically recite my lines over and over again. Memorization is the second most difficult job I know, topped only by writing paper on Hannibal's elephants. That night, I emerged for the first dress rehearsal. Dress rehearsal! And there I was with my eyes glued to the script, and without a costume, because the BRV had struck our costume shop. When the run-through ended, I headed off to sneak into Counselor's Snack. After inhaling a few cups of coffee, it was back to the dreaded booth. My head ached from absorbing Tennessee William's words, my eyes stung from the booth's poor lighting, and other parts of me were rather sore as well.

As the night wore on, and I delved deeper into the words of Mr. Williams, I found myself, my script, and the faithful piano bench upon which I sat becoming as one entity striving to attain the goal of memorization.

Finally, at two in the morning, having conquered Act I, I stumbled from the booth, made my way back to the bunk, and lapsed into coma.

The sun rose the next morning, as it has so many times, only to find me exhausted by the previous evening's activities. Riding high on exhaustion, I spent the day agonizing along with Tennessee on the green, and by dinner I had surmounted a ponderous Act II. My script spent that night's dress rehearsal in my back pocket. After only one hour in the booth (which by now closely matched my impression of the Black Hole of Calcutta,) that night, I had shakily achieved 100% memorization. The panic was lessening, and the doses of fear were much smaller. I began to feel a strong confidence mounting.

There is a time in every man's life when he makes a misjudgement, and my time arrived promptly. The smoothness of that morning's rehearsals made me even more secure, but by early evening I had an ominous feeling that things weren't going as great as I thought. There were dark rain clouds above my head, and three-fourths of the theater staff had been stricken with the dreaded Buck's Rock Virus. Nothing was completely finished or prepared, and I felt like I was being hung upside down and instructed to read and fully comprehend a Dungeons & Dragons direction book. When the skies opened up, I went off the wall. I had spent the entirety of the last three days working for this final rehearsal, and now the decision was made to cancel it "for the benefit of all", and postpone the show one day. I was hysterically livid. I kicked and threw benches, garbage cans, and of course my all-too-familiar script at anybody who came near. Let's face it, I didn't take the news too well.

I was ready to lie down on Buck's Rock Road and just suffer the consequences. Unfortunately, a friend stopped me, and calmed me down; I just went to my bunk, crawled under the covers and slept and slept...

The next morning I was somewhat recovered, and I tried to forget the previous night. The morning's rehearsals went rather smoothly. I felt now that in three days I had done the two weeks of work I had to make up for. I still had the evening's rehearsal, though, and if it didn't go well, I'd be upstream sans paddle. Hallelujah and thank God, it went OK. I had my paddle and I was looking forward to the next evening's performance.

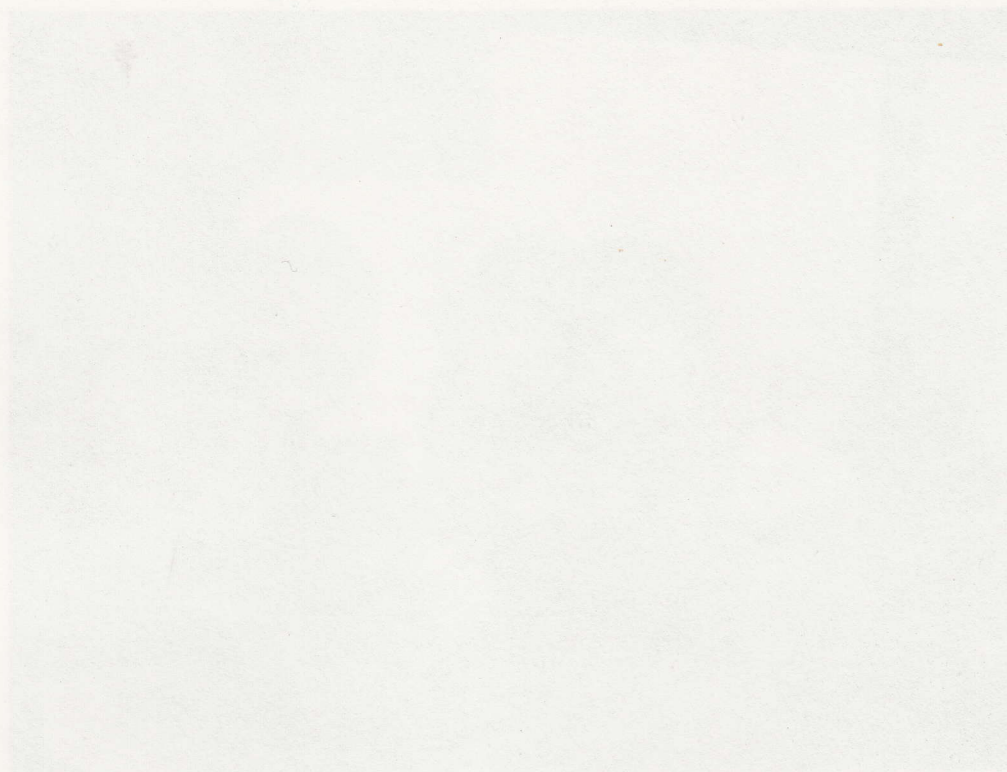
The day of the performance dragged on very slowly. I could only think of sleep. I was so nervous about having strength for the show that I didn't even want to waste energy thinking about how much I wanted to sleep. As the sun began to dip in the western sky, I ate an early dinner and headed off down to the stage. Make-up was ready, costume was ready -- and I was as ready as I was going to get. I was so anxious to get on stage I couldn't keep still. Then, ten minutes before curtain time, we were waiting with the theater's friendly ghost, Pawaba, when it began to rain. I just kept telling myself to stay calm and collected, but if the play was postponed again and I had to wait another day, I'd go out of my mind. God smiled at us again, and the clouds departed.

I walked out on stage feeling full of energy and confidence, as if I had done Summer and Smoke a million times (yes -- finally, that positive attitude.) It went smoothly and the audience loved it, except for a few showers and a few of Tennessee's prettiest lines that were never uttered because I couldn't remember them for the life of me. Then it was over, and I heaved one huge sigh of relief...

Looking back on it, I feel as if I woke from some kind of wierd dream. I look at the pictures and they prove I spent four days completely removed from normal life. It was worth it.

Phillip Miller





FINE ARTS:
INSPIRATION

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INSPIRATION

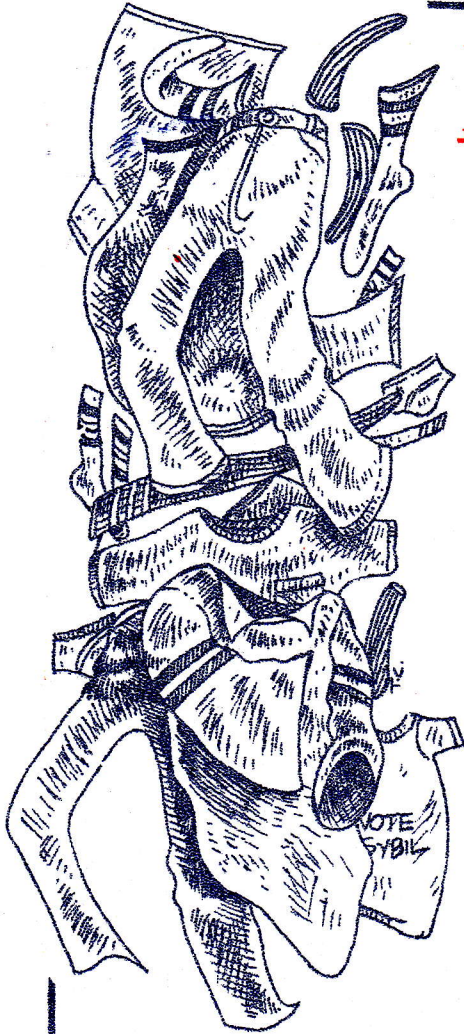
FINE ARTS:
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"Inspiration" is a gallery of a summer's creative work, an anthology collected because, although the works inside were fashioned by different artists in different mediums, they each reflect the impressions of the creator. An artist felt so strongly about a subject that he or she was compelled to put it into words, photographs, or drawings for others to enjoy and identify with. The artist went through various stages when creating these pieces, which observers see only in their best state. Periods of frustration at the imperfection of works they imagined flawless, relief upon the passing of artist's block, and, ultimately, elation. So deeply does inspiration run in these pieces that years from now, after the sculptures are lying in the basement and the pencils are long since worn down, the artist, looking back, can remember who they were and what they stood for in forgotten days. In looking through the following pages, search for the inspiration that motivated them. The artists are hoping to inspire their audience; their gallery.







Laundry

Friday.

At last.

Laundry's returning;

will it be late,

or make the scheduled ten a.m.?

The truck pulls up

and the brown wrinkled packages

of various sizes

all taped up, tied, and marked

are thrown by the fed-up helpers

from the truck

to wherever they land on the porch.

They remain until they are claimed.

Bring them in

open and unpack.

3 socks

none match.

2 shirts

I sent 8.

Bajamas shrunk,

nothing's right.

So much is missing, something's extra.

Can't expect perfect

when dealing with Buck's Rock's laundry.

Teri Buch

The Storm

The lightning

it rips across the sky

searing the heavens in half,

bringing precious daylight for an
instant.

The thunder,

it rumbles in the distance

like some angry god

or it strikes hard

like the crack of doom.

The rain

it insistently smashes itself against the roof

as I lie warm and dry in my cot

it may ripple and splatter, soothing the eyes
of the weary.

The storm

it passes at a slow, determined rate

dropping its rain

sending its lightning

speaking its thunder

as it passes on steadily

over other places.

Peter Daniel

Annex Morning

Sleeping overtime
while the hair dryer fog erupts
behind the bathroom door
a flash of terry shorts
and another room mate joins the crowd

Flip-flops gather for a festival
where a permed head is handing out
salt water taffy
the hiss of Secret or Solarcaine
a jumbled clatter of barettes;
curses, laughs.

Candy-stripe pajamas peel
steam drifts from a shower
to coat amber lip gloss
and a borrowed comb
the scent of cologne
and wet bathing suits

Boxes of stationery
and glittery summer outfits
excelsior from an eagerly awaited package
lines a closet

We go outside, a bunch of noisy grapes

Jenny Fleissner

Optimism

The heat descended on them
like a thick stage curtain
they chewed placidly
on meadow grass
as they sat
around a fairy ring
trying to recreate a magic
now gone

a chartered school bus stopped
had a picnic
trampling the last of the few left
far away a brook dried up
the forest screamed
once
and was quiet
as a lone Hershey wrapper
blew away

Mandy Keifetz

Last Night

Last night
all time stopped;
the air was still
and the trees looked like dancers
against the sky.
Nobody noticed it,
but one star that twinkled
in the dark, somber sky.
I lay and watched the star
and it watched me,
making me belong.
Then time resumed
and my star disappeared,
leaving me alone and empty.

Doreen Frumkin



Whatever

my friend
a wizard of everyday life
stylish, preppy, and pretty
a rainbow of personality
clown-like smile never fades
abysses inside
packed with laughter
snob friend, yet now fellow
amusement park of fun
my hero

Amy Bruckman

Mystique

Woman clad in black velvet
Scottish moor
Fog seeps in
spiral clouds of mist
thickening
Dagger set with rubies
Love, marriage
Veil of death
Murder
Violent storms
castle burns
woman dies

Death

Cool crisp air
sweeps in

Tingling through
your body

Visions of
things antique

Yellow light
lace, dark passageways

Black, white,
grey

Peace

Bruce L. Edelstein

A Child of God

Her eyes,
glistening with hope
as a smile appears.

I long
to reach it,
so good,
so pure,
and nourish it,
but it pulls away
in a cloud of smoke.
Cigarettes. Pot.
Old beer bottles
smash against it,
leaving it open.
raw.
to bleed.
I touch it
but the pain
makes her pull away,
blood stains my hand.

You smiled
at me.
for me.

You played
the guitar
the piano.

You read me your poetry,
and something
so beautiful shone through
it made me cry.

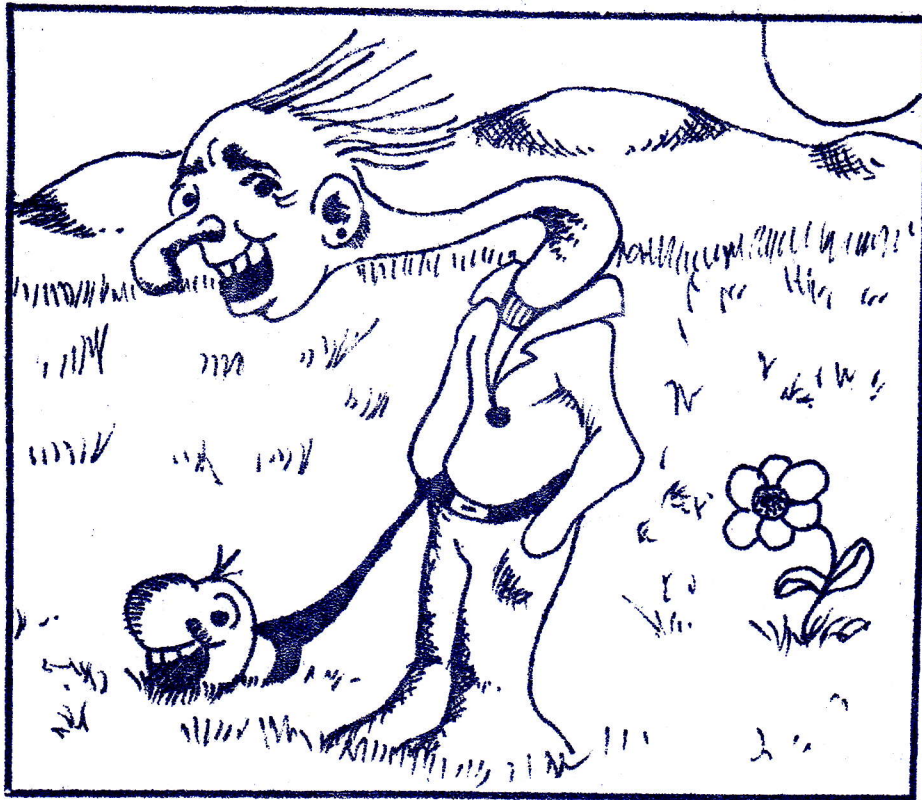
My tea
fell on your wound
like medicine.
For a second
the smoke was gone.
The wound was healing
in my tears.

I see
your beauty
as you touch
life's spirit
in your poems.
your words.

But half deaf,
you cannot hear yourself,
Child of God.

Rebekah Schwartz

Irving & his Pet Head



One day my eye caught quite a sight,
a thing I can't explain:
a man named Irving walking by,
a head behind him came.
It wasn't just a normal head,
a body to the south,
it was just a head, a plain old head
with eyes and nose and mouth.
Everywhere that Irving went
the head was right beside,
walking, running, in a taxi,
on a buggy ride.
My curiosity was wandering,
more information I must get,
so I stopped the man and asked him
how he got such a pet.
He answered that he loved it
and they had a lot of fun.
But most of all, like they say:
two heads are better than one.

The Clown

[To Michael]

Illusions
of empty nothingness
and a vast black void
created for a stage.

He appears now,
the spotlight pronouncing his features,
the makeup so carefully applied
to explain to the world
that he is happy.

He begins to juggle...
A cascade of color between his hands.
It is dark and the balls glow,
creating neon patterns.
Yellow, green, and blue.

Now he begins the mime,
his movements slow, fluid, and graceful.
The audience stares, spellbound.

His enthusiasm has spread.
His dream has been realized,
the dream of entertaining people..

He is my friend,
and I love him.
The clown.

Stef Kromash



On Seven Thirty

an arm of light
pulls back the curtain
of a bunk,
rousing its bleary-eyed inhabitants.

next door
one of the despised early-risers
blasts Billy Joel.

one lump moves,
blinks, moans,
and burrows deeper into her dense sleeping bag world.

finally a girl rises,
walks like a dummy to the door,
hesitates,
then shuffles away to the bathroom,
the others hissing after her,
"traitor, traitor!"

But then, ominous footsteps come closer,
a counselor's form blocks the doorway,
and they know
the game's over.

Jennifer Fleissner

27 JUL.



here i've been
spinning ink-shapes
for people taller than i

here i'll be
when i've realized
once again
creation, now blocked by a calender number

slipping down to August
hours pass slow, then faster

think of a title.

Jenny Fleissner



A Flood of Faces

The new camper walked into her bunk.
She was greeted by a flood of faces.
They smiled at her and introduced themselves,
they waved hello to her when they saw her around camp.
She gazed back at them dazed.
Gradually all the strange faces
became familiar.
When the other campers waved at her she waved
back at them with a warm look of recognition.
And she, in turn, became a part of
the flood of faces.

Katie Roiphe

